

with recovered from this attack and lived for several years after.

LIEUT. ROBERT D. KERR.

His efforts to comfort his mother in his letters for his enforced absence are very pathetic in view of subsequent events. He wrote from Camp Merritt, California:

"Let us hope that we will be together in dear old Pocahontas soon.

"I shall do the best I can and be as good a man as I can, and do my duty, which is all that can be expected. Let us leave our destiny to Him who can control it, and do what seems to be *our* duty.

"Now let's be happy. Everybody ought so to adapt themselves to circumstances and so be as well as they can be, for surely worrying will not help them.

"Maybe I ought not to go, but I can't see it that way, and I have pondered over it by the hour."

The family appreciate the following letter of condolence from General Wilson:

Washington, D. C.

August 9, 1898.

stock dealer
"After suffering
with flux, and
failed to relieve
to try Chamberlain's
and Diarrhoea
the pleasure
half of one box
sale by Amos
Barlow & Mc

Educate Your
Candy Cabinet
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In Memoriam,

ROBERT D. KERR.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I never knew this man whose splendid life
Was not caught hence in hot and bitter strife
Of battle where the bullets whistling sped,
And the wild shells went crashing overhead;
But, blighted by the scorching fever's breath,
Ere yet his sun had risen, he sank in death.

But, brave and faithful, I had marked his way,
Not one to flinch, wherever duty lay,
Honored already for his gifts, and sought
Because of work, his hands and brain had wrought,
Beneath his country's flag no truer son
Has given his life, so that her cause be won.

Asleep, beneath the blue Pacific waves,
Where deep the ocean keeps her many graves,
God's loving eye hath marked and keeps the spot;
The honored name that knew not stain or blot,
Is written high on scroll of deathless fame,
But safer still, our Father keeps his name.

And he shall rise, when dawns that day supreme
Which oft we see in vision and in dream;
When the great angel sounds his trumpet blast,
And all God's saints awaken, time and past,
And death and war and earthly peril and pain,
All of the things that never come again,
Then he shall rise and they who grieve to-day
Shall meet him where the shadows flee away,
And ever more in that dear father-land,
Shall find the loved and hold him by the hand.

Grieve not, oh! tender broken mother-heart,
As one who doth not know the better part,
Father and sister, all the household dear,
Think of him now as safe, and sometimes near;
For Heaven is never very far away
And Christ is evermore our strength and stay
If, trusting Him, we take life's loss and dole,
As sent to make us, by His blessing, whole.

Sleep well beloved! No tears shall break thy rest,
The waves that wrap thee from all earthly quest,
Break softly on the shore where all is balm,
And Heaven sings ever the unending psalm.

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John Craig Warwick was born at Clover Lick, which estate his father owned at that time. A good portion of his life was passed at the farm on Stoney Creek near Marlinton. He was educated at the Fishburn school, at Waynesboro. After leaving school he was engaged for several years in business in Ronceverte, and then moved to Hinton where he had a large clothing store. Afterwards he went into the coal fields of Fayette.

He was a born gentleman, and no one ever came in reach of his strong personality but was won by his geniality and loved and admired him. His life was full of promise and he had an host of friends. His sister Miss Emma Warwick, who was more than a mother to him, was with him at his death. Within the past five years this devoted family has buried five of its members. The father, mother, sister, and two brothers.

Ben Davis.

They used to tell a tale on Ben Davis that was something like this: Before every important engagement General Lee would come galloping along and halting near the regiment would ask, "Is Private Ben Davis in the ranks?"

"He is."

"Then let the fight begin!"

Notice.

I have on my place one sow of the following description, the owner of which may recover property by identifying and paying costs of keeping and advertising: Color, black; marked, crop off left ear, notch in right—supposed to be intended for half crop; four white feet; small spot in forehead.

JOHN A. WARWICK.

Last Notice.

Persons knowing themselves indebted to me must come and make satisfactory arrangements for payment, as after the 15th day of September, 1898, I will put all my papers in hands of my lawyer.

August 30, 1898.

JAMES A. LARUE.

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County Sketches.

III.

THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

In the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and one a large and important deliberative body met assembled in the city of Charleston. The occasion was one of international importance and the press of all nations discussed the possible effect of the congress. It was the first annual Conference of the Justices of West Virginia, and the thrones of Europe creaked through the uneasy movements of their occupants, who were anxiously waiting the result.

This new force was brought into play by the suggestion that the justices meet for concerted action, and over five hundred magistrates from the different counties gathered in Charleston. The trains were crowded with them and the hotel people were paralyzed. Never had the city seen such dignity and portentous gravity, and the justices had the liberty of the town. When not in session they gathered in groups to discuss knotty legal questions: Under what circumstances, if any, could corn in the shock be considered legal tender? Could the statute of limitation be pleaded to defeat the operation of an offset? Should the defendant be bound over to keep the peace unless the plaintiff was also so bound? And the argument would grow warm, until an aristocratic city justice from Parkersburg or Wheeling, who, it was whispered, collected a thousand dollars in fees a year, would decide the matter in controversy and all would be silenced if not convinced.

The peace congress was called together in the opera house and an organization effected. Squire Asbury Turner, from the southern part of the State, was called to the chair, and he made an appropriate address in accepting that distinguishing honor. In all the thirty-years, the speaker said, that he had served his country as a justice of the peace had he ever known so distinguishing an honor. He thanked the honorable body that had so exalted him. He considered the office of justice of the peace as the bulwark of the nation. That as old and honorable as the office was, preserved by the common law and the common sense of the Anglo-Saxon nation, he considered that the justice had never reached that stage of ripeness and perfection that he existed in West Virginia to day. That outside of his district and county, he would admit, (as no doubt they all would admit,) that they had committed errors of judgment, but he would ask the assembly if it were not true that it was human to err, and that where in all the courts of justice would they find so few mistakes or ulterior motives. (Cheers.)

He would in this presence where he could not be misconstrued denounce the Circuit Judge, the natural enemy of the justice. The proudest moment of his life was when he had been reversed by a pampered circuit judge, and the case was carried to the Supreme Court, there to be reversed and the judgment of the justice to be affirmed and restored. The higher courts recognized that the justice was near the soil; that he entered into the hearts of the people. The speaker would beg leave to pronounce a eulogy on that compendium of law pertaining to justices, embraced in chapter 50 of the Code of West Virginia. He would say without fear of successful contradiction that Chapter Fifty was the most perfect and complete compendium of law to be found on the face of the globe, and that to deprive the common people of its reliefs and remedies would be to strike a deadlier blow at their liberty than to wipe of existence every other page of the Code (Cheers). That like the Holy Writ, he never read Chapter Fifty without finding something new and some thought or provision he had never noticed before, and if he should continue in office a hundred years he never could hope to fathom all the mysteries of said chapter.

Then divesting himself of his linen duster and dropping his port-manteau, formed of one side of a pair of leather saddle bags, against the leg of the table, Squire Asbury Turner took the chair on the 6th day of August, 1901, amid loud and continuous cheering.

Messages from the powers were read. Wm. J. Bryan, then in the the White House, wrote to say that he would have liked to have addressed the body if his duties and his friends still permitted him to speak.

His Royal Highness, King Albert of England, sent word that he thought it was a good thing and hoped they would push it along.

Emperor William, of Germany, wrote that he wished them much joy in their work, that he was in sympathy with them, though their ways were the ways of peace, while he had a habit of settling things with the sword.

The Czar of all the Russias gave his brothers greeting, and said he was something of a conservator of the peace himself.

The meeting being open for business a tall, slender, dark bearded man, of a dyspeptic look, arose from the back part of the hall and stated a grievance.

"How could smoking be prevented in the office while court was in session?" he asked. Some of the members seemed pleased to hear this question raised, but others, with long cane stems sticking out of their pockets looked black when the matter was mentioned.

The speaker said he had given this subject much thought. He did not use the pesky stuff himself and some times when his court was in session the attorneys, witnesses and spectators would fill their pipes and puff until the smoke was thick enough to be cut with a knife, and it made him quite sick. He would go home and could not eat any dinner. He had tried punishing the smokers for contempt by fining a man one dollar, but he had had a fine cow pizened a few days after, which he thought was to be attributed to the summary proceedings. He had he had heard of justices themselves smoking on the bench, but he hoped none such were present, and he would like to hear some suggestions to cure this evil.

A substantial looking man, smooth-shaven, with a very obtrusive pipe stem in evidence, got up and said he hoped the good brother would excuse him, but that he thought there might possibly be something said in favor of tobacco as aid to justice. He reminded the assembly that we were mere children in the use of the weed; that the Indians had taught us the use of tobacco; that they never pretended to pass upon a question of importance without the soothing and qualifying effect of a smoke of tobacco. He believed that the day would come when all judges high and low would use tobacco on the bench. As for himself he found that it sustained him and he believed sustained his cases in the circuit court. He saw nothing undignified in a pipe. Of course the atmosphere of his court was such that the cigarette did not flourish there; it was distinctly out of place. As for him he hoped that he would be permitted the comfort of a pipe during the tedious hours of a trial.

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"Litigation the Hope of the Land."

"Fireside Law, or Nuts for the Justice."

"The Justice's Dream, or Costs."

"It's an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody Good."

HAZLEWOOD, W. VA.

Morgan Shrees is very sick. Allie Daniels is building a dwelling house.

Uriah White, of Dry Fork, was a guest at the Hazlewood House Sunday.

C. C. Hart, proprietor of Hazlewood House, was in Valley Bend Sunday.

Miss Racer, of Belington, has been with relatives at the Lick for a few days.

Some of our people attended the Old Ironside Baptist Association at Montrose last week.

Several of the rail road employees on the Harrisonville extension are down with the fever.

Eli Moore, Chief of Police of Montrose, has been visiting his aged mother, Mrs. Charissa Wees, at Pleasant View.

Wallace Irvin, a teamster for the contractors on the railroad grade, got his foot severely mashed four days ago.

Rev Eagle preached has preached his farewell sermon at all his appointments. We are sorry to lose such a good from among us.

Leslie Harding and Charles Lewis, privates in Company E, 1st West Virginia, are at home on a furlough, dangerously ill of malarial fever. Sergeant Harry O'Brian was detailed to bring them home. He has gone back to join the command, which is still at Chicamauga.

Mrs. R. M. Boyers, of Vanderbilt, Pennsylvania is spending a while with her sister-in-law, Mrs. L. B. McLaughlin, of Spruce. Mr. Boyers is a sergeant in Company D Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and is now in the Philippines, under General Merritt. He took part in the capture of Manila, at which place his close friend and comrade Corporal Walter Brown was shot dead in his presence.

Mixed Maxims.

Virtue is its only reward.

The wages of sin is debt.

Policy is the best honesty.

Many hands like light work.

Osculation is the thief of time.

Every dogma must have its day.

A bird in the hand lays no eggs.

A man is known by the trumpet he keeps.

Never put a gift cigar in your mouth.

The lack of money is the root of all evil.

Where wisdom is bliss, 'tis folly to be ignorant.

Chain up a child and away he will go.

The course of free love never did run smoothly.

All that a man hath will he give to his wife.

It's a wise child that owes his own father.

The rolling stone catches the worm.

A thirsty man will catch at a straw.

Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.

Straws show which way the gin goes.

The woman who collaborates is lost.

It is not good for a man to give a loan.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and this world lies about us when we are grown up.

—Exchange.

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"It's an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody Good."

HAZLEWOOD, W. VA.

Morgan Shrees is very sick. Allie Daniels is building a dwelling house.

Uriah White, of Dry Fork, was a guest at the Hazlewood House Sunday.

C. C. Hart, proprietor of Hazlewood House, was in Valley Bend Sunday.

Miss Racer, of Belington, has been with relatives at the Lick for a few days.

Some of our people attended the Old Ironside Baptist Association at Montrose last week.

Several of the rail road employees on the Harrisonville extension are down with the fever.

Eli Moore, Chief of Police of Montrose, has been visiting his aged mother, Mrs. Charissa Wees, at Pleasant View.

Wallace Irvin, a teamster for the contractors on the railroad grade, got his foot severely mashed four days ago.

Rev Eagle preached has preached his farewell sermon at all his appointments. We are sorry to lose such a good from among us.

Leslie Harding and Charles Lewis, privates in Company E, 1st West Virginia, are at home on a furlough, dangerously ill of malarial fever. Sergeant Harry O'Brian was detailed to bring them home. He has gone back to join the command, which is still at Chicamauga.

Mrs. R. M. Boyers, of Vanderbilt, Pennsylvania is spending a while with her sister-in-law, Mrs. L. B. McLaughlin, of Spruce. Mr. Boyers is a sergeant in Company D Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and is now in the Philippines, under General Merritt. He took part in the capture of Manila, at which place his close friend and comrade Corporal Walter Brown was shot dead in his presence.

Mixed Maxims.

Virtue is its only reward.

The wages of sin is debt.

Policy is the best honesty.

Many hands like light work.

Osculation is the thief of time.

Every dogma must have its day.

A bird in the hand lays no eggs.

A man is known by the trumpet he keeps.

Never put a gift cigar in your mouth.

The lack of money is the root of all evil.

Where wisdom is bliss, 'tis folly to be ignorant.

Chain up a child and away he will go.

The course of free love never did run smoothly.

All that a man hath will he give to his wife.

It's a wise child that owes his own father.

The rolling stone catches the worm.

A thirsty man will catch at a straw.

Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.

Straws show which way the gin goes.

The woman who collaborates is lost.

It is not good for a man to give a loan.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and this world lies about us when we are grown up.

—Exchange.

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Pat Magee.

Walkin' wid Pat Magee.
Down by the Tullagh bog,
"Mind where ye're settin' yere sthops,"
says he,
"I est yez put yer foot on a frog."
Frogs is the devil," says he,
"I'm thinkin'," he says, says he,
"Av I carried yez over to yondher wall
The sorry a frog we'd see."
Sittin' wid Pat Magee
A-top of a loose-built "all,"
"It's unaloy I am in my mind," says he
"Dreadin' the stones might fall."
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"I'm thinkin'," he says, says he,
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Wid the arm av him round me waist,
An' the red sun sinkin', "Aghiah," says he,
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Delays is the devil's delight."
An' I'm thinkin'," he says, says he,
"Av the two of us settle this matter
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"Tis married next week we'd be."
Lena Gyles, in Temple Bar.

County Sketches.

IV.
THE SCHOOL TRUSTEE.

Miss Isabel Evans had applied for the Hickory Hollow School and had done everything she could do to get it. Before she was elected teacher. Whereas the Hickory Hollow School should have had to get down on bended knees to secure her, for teaching that school was a thankless task. While Miss Isabel was a fine girl, fresh and wholesome and good to have near. She had been born and bred in the city, and for reasons not necessary to be detailed here she was forced to earn her own living, and she naturally took to teaching school. By special acts of Providence do such delightful girls go into the school-room to educate and refine by their presence the youth of the land.

Under the West Virginia laws, the supervision and local government of a school is solely in the hands of three trustees who are appointed for a term, and who aim to exercise as much tyranny as they can squeeze out of the office, if they take any interest in it whatever. Unfortunately the West Virginia trustee, when he takes any steps in office at all, is apt to be like the author of all mischief, active only in evil. Too many good men remain dormant while their more contentious colleagues are making trouble for some unfortunate teacher.

Hickory Hollow had its full quota of three trustees. Ike Adams was the contentious member who always acted from conscientious motives, and he considered it his duty as an official to make the teacher's life miserable. The way he harried the school teacher showed him to be very ingenious in inventing tortures. He represented the worst type of petty tyrant who made use of every atom of his power. He was the owner of a small farm, and at the time of which we write he was struggling with a debt which encumbered his land, and which he was slowly but surely reducing.

The second trustee, Martin J. Frame, was a hard headed old farmer who was naturally a mean man and who if necessary could nerve himself to a desperate deed. Adams was just a gad fly, but Frame was a copperhead. But he flew at higher quarry than a school teacher, and excepting the fact that he turned a cold eye of disapproval on all that the school teacher did, he was not a bad man to have as trustee. He was one of those cranky trustees who are always protesting against a woman teacher. He always made the point that he wanted a man teacher.

The remaining trustee was John Harmon, a good looking young bachelor about thirty years old. He owed his appointment to the fact, probably, that he was the richest and most influential man of the neighborhood. He refrained from taking any active part in the school matters, reminding others of the fact that he had no children to send to school. He paid about seventy dollars tax each year to the schools, and he had a deep-seated prejudice against the whole system, and held his office

as trustee only for the reason that it was less trouble to serve than it was to resign.

Pretty Miss Isabel had no business teaching school. She was best suited for some good man to worship as his wife, but she was twenty-one and he had not come along yet, and she thought she could make herself useful teaching school. It was late in the year to apply for a school, but her boy cousin took her to see the trustees of the Hickory Hollow School.

Ike Adams was first interviewed and though he did not reply favorably to her application was inwardly very much pleased, for his mortal enemy, an old field school-teacher named Anthony Carter, had applied for the school, and it looked like his would be the only application and they would have to accept him. The Hickory Hollow neighborhood was such a great gossiping centre that school-teachers were a little shy of it, and such a thing as the school hunting the teacher had never been heard of in the county of which we write.

When they interviewed Martin Frame on the subject he took particular pleasure in disappointing them. "See here," he said, "I've got two strips of boys meaner'n gar broth, and a little wisp of a woman like you can't manage 'em. I take a man to flail some sense into them. I'll have to vote for Carter."

Here was one neutral and one antagonistic, with one more trustee to see. They drove to the big farm John Harmon owned and where he lived. They found him in the barn-yard among his cattle, and he came to meet the strangers with the air of a man in his own domain. When he heard their business he looked at the young lady and seemed somewhat doubtful.

"Are you sure you want to teach these heathen over here. I don't believe you know what you are asking for. I'd sooner drive balky mules."

"I can't choose, sir. I've got a certificate and all the other schools are taken. I will do my best," she added bravely.

"Well, I'll help you all I can, and if you get the school you mustn't blame me if you have a time with it. One thing sure, I won't let them worry you. Tom, (to the boy), you drive over to Alex Winston's—my brother-in-law, Miss, and I'll ride down and corral the other trustee and make them put you out of your misery. You are sure you want the school are you? Well, do n't be too hard on me if I vote for you."

Miss Isabel and her boy cousin drove to the adjoining farm, and the visit was a little informal, they were welcomed by Mrs. Winston. The boy went fishing down a little trout stream as soon as possible, and the two women found they would suit each other and spent a pleasant day. Late in the afternoon John had ridden in on his big sorrel horse to tell Isabel she had been elected teacher. He was not surprised to hear his sister say to him as he left: "I like her, John. Her father and mother both died last December. He was a minister in our church and she has n't any money much. If she wants to board with me she shall do it." And Allie Winston took a stand in the way of a woman who owns the farms on which she lives.

In due time the school opened and Miss Isabel found teaching the Hickory Hollow school not as bad as it had been painted. A storm was brewing for her, however, of which she was unconscious. Mrs. Winston and she were great friends. Her pupils loved her and she had lots of theories as to teaching to put in practice. Ike Adams had voted for her out of hate to her opponent, and this rendered him dangerous. He had an indictment of numerous counts about prepared, and after the school had gone on two months and Isabel began to feel that she was self reliant and had some work to do the storm was about to break.

During those two months of the

most beautiful weather Harmon, the trustee, had at least shown some interest in the teacher, if not in the school. It was remarkable how often he would happen to come along the road just as school was out and speak to the teacher and walk with her to his sister's. He would get down from his horse looking very uncomfortable, and not the nobleman that Isabel had seen him look on his horse when he did not know she was looking at him. One day they stopped on the brow of a hill, and Harmon showed her his back and castle, and he seemed to be keeping something back that Isabel would have been a fool not to understand. But what she thought of Mr. Harmon in those days is something which the mind of man is not to know.

It was shortly after that, Ike Adams got his mine ready. He would break up that school, and Martin Frame was a good second. One day Mrs. Winston had her especial riding horse saddled and went to see her brother.

"That pesky Ike Adams," she said, "is trying to break up Isabel's school, and I want you to make him behave himself. That girl, John, is the only woman I have ever seen I wanted for a sister, and I want you to put a spider in the old fellow's dough. What do you think of Isabel, John?" But John did not say, for if he failed in what was in his mind he did not want anybody to know.

On a short time Adams came to see John. It was to notify him to attend a meeting of the trustees at the school-house Friday evening to make the new teacher walk the plank. It was the regular three days notice. The new-fangled ways of the teacher did not suit Mr. Adams. "Going to buy a flag and put it on the school-house," said the old man. "I never seen one of them dog-gone rags cep'tin' when they was shootin' at me, and I've got a bullet in my hip now that come from the neighborhood of one of 'em. Putting on the black-board when flowers git ripe, and when partridges nest, and they out coro, wastin' time that erway! Lickin' my little Abe fer sassin' her, and lettin' them dumb Parson's younguns miss every word in the spellin' lesson and not sayin' beans to 'em! Makin' my boy Tom take his gun osten the school-house, when he had a squirrel-lead in it, and them dog-gone boys hidin' it till it got rusty! Makin' the boys raise their caps to her like niggers! We're goin' to meet down there next Friday and tek the school away from her."

John Harmon went away that evening and when the young school teacher, having been notified of the meeting, looked out that Friday afternoon and saw Ike Adams and Martin Frame sitting side by side on a fallen log and the third trustee nowhere in sight, her heart failed her. There they sat waiting for the school to close, like two wild animals ready to rend her. She had builded so much on the hope that John Harmon would appear as her champion. She passed a bad half-hour and then dismissed her school, and the children having reluctantly gone, she waited for her executioners. She was badly frightened as the two trustees came towards her, but her heart gave a great bound as she saw John Harmon coming through the red brush. He was walking, and it was the first time she had ever seen him away from home without his horse. The trustees gathered in the school-house, and Ike Adams said he guessed the meeting had better come to order and was working up sufficient passion to do his dirty work, when Harmon said:

"Ike, before you get down to business I just wanted to tell you I'd traded for some papers of yours. Old man Middleton wanted the money, and counted it up and I took it up because he gave me a good shave on it. It footed up \$698.00. He offered it to me for \$698 even, and as I saw a chance to make ninety cents I thought I had better do it. He assigned me the benefit of the deed

of frost, too. Now I want to know if you have any objections to the way this school is being conducted this term."

Old Ike gave a gasp and gulped a time or two, and said if it suited John it suited him.

"And, Mart, before we go into business, I just wanted to tell you that the County Court appointed me superintendent of the new road you are making around the end of Callahan Mountain, and I thought I'd go over in the morning and trustee it for you. Now how do you like Miss Isabel as a teacher?" Martin had plenty of grim humor, and was quick to take a hint. He turned to the young lady and said: "Miss Isabel, I thought I'd come in and tell you that I have been converted and I think women teachers air the very thing. You've taught in this here house, and my boys have enough manners ter clerk in a store. Thought I'd jest dray in and see if you'd take the school next year."

Adams said nothing more, and he and Frame took their leave immediately. John stepped to the door and saw them ride off. He turned to ask the girl if he could walk home with her, and saw her sitting with her head on her desk crying. He sat down and putting his arm around her told her a story heard only by her ear and which therefore can not be given here, but they must have patched up some sort of a compromise for as they entered the hall, warm-hearted Allie Winston ran to them and kissed them both and said she was so glad.

Shortly Isabel resigned the school to a young man teacher and went home and John went for her at Christmas, and as he brought her home they met old Martin Frame in the road. He stopped them and wanted to know what business John and Ike Adams had in taking away the school from the only woman teacher he ever had any use for.

THE DOMINANT INDUSTRY.

The well-known man-woman writer "Bab" has been stopping at the White Sulphur, and writes about an old Greenbrier County negro who has a wonderful power.

"If there is one dominant industry in the South, one would have to admit—that is, if one wished to be honest—that it is the 'infant' one, for the average Southern family has from four to fourteen children. At a wedding given near this place not so very long ago the great desire of the bride was to keep an old darkey, commonly called 'Aunt Lizzie' as far from her as possible, since it was believed that she possessed the mystic power known as 'the laying on of hands,' which insured to the happy couple a handsome, healthy pair of twins before the year was over.

"Girls used to buy Aunt Lizzy Howard to stay away, but she was inclined to be something of a well, she was inclined to tell what was n't quite true. So she would accept the present and then appear at the wedding and stand, ghoul-like, at the door, ready to put her horrible black fingers, long and mystical looking, upon the white gown or veil of the unfortunate bride. Every Southern girl for miles around knows about her, and every one of them dreads her. Not that they do n't want to have a tribe of children—that seems to be their greatest happiness—but as a young matron put it to me, 'If Aunt Lizzie Howard does manage to 'hoodoo' you, it is not so much yourself that you care about, but for some reason the gentlemen seem to be guyed a little bit about twins, and yet why should they?'"

"Just look at the doctor that attended the gallant and religious Stonewall Jackson! Why, he had two or three sets of twins! And then think of poor General Hood with numerous pairs of twinal! I do believe they were beautiful. I can't remember, but mamma says that when the Hood babies all came out with their mammy every body used to laugh and say, 'There goes Hood's battalion.' But you know we Southerners like babies mightily, and I never can think that a house is really well furnished unless there are plenty of little folks and two or three well bred dogs."

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c.

THE COLLINS RELATIONSHIP.
Descended from John Collins—
Irish Emigrant, About 1798.

BY W. T. P.

For nearly a hundred years the name Collins has been a familiar one among our people. The progenitor was John Collins, a native of Ireland. He found his way from Pennsylvania to Pendleton County, where he met and married Barbara Fall. He first settled on the Dunwoody place near Meadow Dale, in Highland. About the year 1800 he moved to what is now Falmouth County, and settled on the Greenbrier, on lands at present held by William H. Collins, and built up a home. There had been some improvement begun by former settlers, but so little that to all intents and purposes he settled in the woods.

Mr and Mrs Collins were the parents of four sons and four daughters: John, James, Lewis and Charles; and Barbara, Susannah, Mary and Elizabeth.

Barbara went west; it is believed to Ohio.

Susannah became Mrs George Nottingham and lived in Athens County, Ohio.

Elizabeth became Mrs William Queen and went to Marion County, Ohio.

In reference to the sons of John Collins, Senior, we learn that John Collins, Junior, was a dealer in horses, and upon going to Richmond with a drove he was never heard of afterwards. The probability seems to be that he was killed and robbed in the Blue Ridge.

James Collins went to Lawrence County, Ohio, married Henrietta, daughter of Judge Davidson, and settled seven miles below Tronton, and reared a large family. He was a prominent, prosperous citizen.

Lewis Collins was facetiously called the "Monarch of all he surveyed," being regarded by common consent the strongest, most athletic and largest man in the county. He excelled as a ditcher, fence-builder, and mower. He belted many large tracts of land, and cleared many fields. He was noted for his good temper and jovial disposition. He never was known to provoke any one, and, strange to say, he had more pugilistic knock-outs than any one person of his times. He finally went to Nicholas County where he met and married Sally Boles, and then settled in Upshur County. His children were James, Charles, Elizabeth, Margaret and Mary.

James Collins, of Lewis, married Mary Leonard, went to California and engaged in the lumber business.

Elizabeth became Mrs Sampson Jordan.

Charles Collins never married and Margaret remained unmarried and kept house for her brother at the old homestead.

Charles Collins, of John the ancestral emigrant, married Mary McCarty, on Brown's Mountain, and settled on Back Mountain where Jacob Shinnberry lives. They were the parents of six sons and three daughters, concerning whom the following particulars are given:

Martha became Mrs John Conaway and lived in Upshur County.

Susannah lived at home with her brothers William and Benjamin.

Nancy Collins married William Cassell and lived on Back Mountain. Mention of her family in the Cassell Sketches.

John Collins married Martha Moore, of Pennsylvania John, in The Hills, and settled in Upshur County. His second marriage was with Widow Nancy McFarland, at Lumberport, Braxton county.

Benjamin Collins married Margaret Shinnberry and settled on Back Mountain near McLaughlin Chapel. Their children were Peter Charles and Emma, who became John Shinnberry's first wife.

Andrew Collins married Martha Boggs, of Braxton, lived awhile in Pocahontas, and then moved to Upshur. Their children were Mary, who became Mrs Lawrence Fitzgerald; and Alice who became Mrs John Reed.

William Hutcheson Collins first married Sallie Varner and located at the Greenbrier homestead. In reference to the first family these items are given:

Benjamin Collins is a minister in the German Baptist Church. He married Nancy Jane Cassell and lives on the Greenbrier homestead. James Solomon is at home.

John Riley married Birdie Hoover and lives in Upshur.

William Hunter married V. Hoover and lives on Back Mountain.

Andrew Collins married V. Hoover and lives on Back Mountain.

Samuel and Susan died in youth.

Mary Elizabeth became Mrs Amos Nottingham lives at Beech Flats on the Greenbrier.

Amanda Catherine first married William Hoover on Back Mountain. Her second marriage was with Lytle Green Jackson and lives at Wetumpka, Alabama. Her last marriage was the result of an advertisement and exchange of photographs.

The second wife of William Collins was Caroline Gragg, daughter of Zebulon Gragg. The children of this marriage are Effie Alice, Joanna Susan, Lewis and Adam Hevener.

W. H. Collins was a Confederate soldier from 1862 to 1865. He first belonged to Company G, 31st Virginia Infantry, and after the seven days fight around Richmond was released from service under the rule of not enlisting over 35 years of age. When this was revoked he joined Captain William L. Moore's Cavalry.

Sally Joice, of Charles Collins, of John, never married, and was a confirmed invalid.

Charles Collins married Barbara Varner, of Highland County, and lived on Top of Alleghany. He was a Confederate soldier.

Samuel Collins first married Margaret Hayes and lived in Upshur. One son, John William Hayse became charmed with a show, left home and lived a life of adventure. His second marriage was with Celia Weimar, of Lewis County. They had two children, Samuel and Amanda, who became the wife of a Rev Queen, a minister in the M. P. Church, and lives in Pennsylvania. Samuel Collins was a Union soldier in the 10th West Virginia Infantry.

Thus with the patient assistance of the venerable William H. Collins the writer has been able to illustrate in part the domestic history of a family that has done a great deal in subduing our primitive forests, and prepared the way for many families to live in comfort now. The services of good, patient and toiling people should be remembered and duly appreciated by the intelligent and grateful citizenship of Pocahontas, of which we are justly proud.

The desire to see ourselves as others see us is sometimes gratified in an unexpected fashion. This, for example, is the view of Englishmen taken by an intelligent Chinaman who recently visited that country. "They certainly do not know how to amuse themselves. You never see them enjoy themselves by sitting quietly upon their ancestors' graves. They jump around and kick balls as if they were paid to do it. Again, you will find them making long trips into the country; but that is probably a religious duty, for when they tramp they wave sticks in the air, nobody why. They have no sense of dignity, for they may be found walking with women. They sit down at the same table with women, and the women are served first." In that the Chinaman has not only pictured his host as he saw them. He has with equal fidelity and force pictured himself.—Youth's Companion.

Not the Wisest Plan.

It is not always best to wait until it is needed before buying a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy. Quite frequently the remedy is required in the very busiest season or in the night and much inconvenience and suffering must be borne before it can be obtained. It costs but a trifle as compared to its real worth and every family can well afford to keep it in their home. It is everywhere acknowledged to be the most successful remedy in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by A. Barclay, Hagerstown; Barclay and Moore, Edray.

Pat Magee.

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"Well, I'll help you all I can, and if you get the school you mustn't blame me if you have a time with it. One thing sure, I won't let them worry you. Tom, (to the boy), you drive over to Alex Winston's—my brother-in-law, Miss, and I'll ride down and corral the other trustee and make them put you out of your misery. You are sure you want the school are you? Well, do n't be too hard on me if I vote for you."

Miss Isabel and her boy cousin drove to the adjoining farm, and the visit was a little informal, they were welcomed by Mrs. Winston. The boy went fishing down a little trout stream as soon as possible, and the two women found they would suit each other and spent a pleasant day. Late in the afternoon John had ridden in on his big sorrel horse to tell Isabel she had been elected teacher. He was not surprised to hear his sister say to him as he left: "I like her, John. Her father and mother both died last December. He was a minister in our church and she has n't any money much. If she wants to board with me she shall do it." And Allie Winston took a stand in the way of a woman who owns the farms on which she lives.

In due time the school opened and Miss Isabel found teaching the Hickory Hollow school not as bad as it had been painted. A storm was brewing for her, however, of which she was unconscious. Mrs. Winston and she were great friends. Her pupils loved her and she had lots of theories as to teaching to put in practice. Ike Adams had voted for her out of hate to her opponent, and this rendered him dangerous. He had an indictment of numerous counts about prepared, and after the school had gone on two months and Isabel began to feel that she was self reliant and had some work to do the storm was about to break.

During those two months of the

most beautiful weather Harmon, the trustee, had at least shown some interest in the teacher, if not in the school. It was remarkable how often he would happen to come along the road just as school was out and speak to the teacher and walk with her to his sister's. He would get down from his horse looking very uncomfortable, and not the nobleman that Isabel had seen him look on his horse when he did not know she was looking at him. One day they stopped on the brow of a hill, and Harmon showed her his back and castle, and he seemed to be keeping something back that Isabel would have been a fool not to understand. But what she thought of Mr. Harmon in those days is something which the mind of man is not to know.

It was shortly after that, Ike Adams got his mine ready. He would break up that school, and Martin Frame was a good second. One day Mrs. Winston had her especial riding horse saddled and went to see her brother.

"That pesky Ike Adams," she said, "is trying to break up Isabel's school, and I want you to make him behave himself. That girl, John, is the only woman I have ever seen I wanted for a sister, and I want you to put a spider in the old fellow's dough. What do you think of Isabel, John?" But John did not say, for if he failed in what was in his mind he did not want anybody to know.

On a short time Adams came to see John. It was to notify him to attend a meeting of the trustees at the school-house Friday evening to make the new teacher walk the plank. It was the regular three days notice. The new-fangled ways of the teacher did not suit Mr. Adams. "Going to buy a flag and put it on the school-house," said the old man. "I never seen one of them dog-gone rags cep'tin' when they was shootin' at me, and I've got a bullet in my hip now that come from the neighborhood of one of 'em. Putting on the black-board when flowers git ripe, and when partridges nest, and they out coro, wastin' time that erway! Licking my little Abe fer sassing her, and letting them dumb Parson's younguns miss every word in the spellin' lesson and not sayin' beans to 'em! Makin' my boy Tom take his gun osten the school-house, when he had a squirrel load in it, and them dog-gone boys hidin' it till it got rusty! Makin' the boys raise their caps to her like niggers! We're goin' to meet down there next Friday and tek the school away from her."

John Harmon went away that evening and when the young school teacher, having been notified of the meeting, looked out that Friday afternoon and saw Ike Adams and Martin Frame sitting side by side on a fallen log and the third trustee nowhere in sight, her heart failed her. There they sat waiting for the school to close, like two wild animals ready to rend her. She had builded so much on the hope that John Harmon would appear as her champion. She passed a bad half-hour and then dismissed her school, and the children having reluctantly gone, she waited for her executioners. She was badly frightened as the two trustees came towards her, but her heart gave a great bound as she saw John Harmon coming through the red brush. He was walking, and it was the first time she had ever seen him away from home without his horse. The trustees gathered in the school-house, and Ike Adams said he guessed the meeting had better come to order and was working up sufficient passion to do his dirty work, when Harmon said:

"Ike, before you get down to business I just wanted to tell you I'd traded for some papers of yours. Old man Middleton wanted the money, and counted it up and I took it up because he gave me a good shave on it. It footed up \$698.00. He offered it to me for \$698 even, and as I saw a chance to make ninety cents I thought I had better do it. He assigned me the benefit of the deed

of frost, too. Now I want to know if you have any objections to the way this school is being conducted this term."

Old Ike gave a gasp and gulped a time or two, and said if it suited John it suited him.

"And, Mart, before we go into business, I just wanted to tell you that the County Court appointed me superintendent of the new road you are making around the end of Callahan Mountain, and I thought I'd go over in the morning and trustee it for you. Now how do you like Miss Isabel as a teacher?" Martin had plenty of grim humor, and was quick to take a hint. He turned to the young lady and said: "Miss Isabel, I thought I'd come in and tell you that I have been converted and I think women teachers air the very thing. You've taught in this here house, and my boys have enough manners ter clerk in a store. Thought I'd jest dray in and see if you'd take the school next year."

Adams said nothing more, and he and Frame took their leave immediately. John stepped to the door and saw them ride off. He turned to ask the girl if he could walk home with her, and saw her sitting with her head on her desk crying. He sat down and putting his arm around her told her a story heard only by her ear and which therefore can not be given here, but they must have patched up some sort of a compromise for as they entered the hall, warm-hearted Allie Winston ran to them and kissed them both and said she was so glad.

Shortly Isabel resigned the school to a young man teacher and went home and John went for her at Christmas, and as he brought her home they met old Martin Frame in the road. He stopped them and wanted to know what business John and Ike Adams had in taking away the school from the only woman teacher he ever had any use for.

THE DOMINANT INDUSTRY.

The well-known man-woman writer "Bab" has been stopping at the White Sulphur, and writes about an old Greenbrier County negro who has a wonderful power.

"If there is one dominant industry in the South, one would have to admit—that is, if one wished to be honest—that it is the 'infant' one, for the average Southern family has from four to fourteen children. At a wedding given near this place not so very long ago the great desire of the bride was to keep an old darkey, commonly called 'Aunt Lizzie' as far from her as possible, since it was believed that she possessed the mystic power known as 'the laying on of hands,' which insured to the happy couple a handsome, healthy pair of twins before the year was over.

"Girls used to buy Aunt Lizzie Howard to stay away, but she was inclined to be something of a well, she was inclined to tell what was n't quite true. So she would accept the present and then appear at the wedding and stand, ghoul-like, at the door, ready to put her horrible black fingers, long and mystical looking, upon the white gown or veil of the unfortunate bride. Every Southern girl for miles around knows about her, and every one of them dreads her. Not that they do n't want to have a tribe of children—that seems to be their greatest happiness—but as a young matron put it to me, 'If Aunt Lizzie Howard does manage to 'hoodoo' you, it is not so much yourself that you care about, but for some reason the gentlemen seem to be guyed a little bit about twins, and yet why should they?'"

"Just look at the doctor that attended the gallant and religious Stonewall Jackson! Why, he had two or three sets of twins! And then think of poor General Hood with numerous pairs of twinal! I do believe they were beautiful. I can't remember, but mamma says that when the Hood babies all came out with their mammy every body used to laugh and say, 'There goes Hood's battalion.' But you know we Southerners like babies mightily, and I never can think that a house is really well furnished unless there are plenty of little folks and two or three well bred dogs."

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c.

THE COLLINS RELATIONSHIP.
Descended from John Collins—
Irish Emigrant, About 1798.

BY W. T. P.

For nearly a hundred years the name Collins has been a familiar one among our people. The progenitor was John Collins, a native of Ireland. He found his way from Pennsylvania to Pendleton County, where he met and married Barbara Fall. He first settled on the Dunwoody place near Meadow Dale, in Highland. About the year 1800 he moved to what is now Falmington County, and settled on the Greenbrier, on lands at present held by William H. Collins, and built up a home. There had been some improvement begun by former settlers, but so little that to all intents and purposes he settled in the woods.

Mr and Mrs Collins were the parents of four sons and four daughters: John, James, Lewis and Charles; and Barbara, Susannah, Mary and Elizabeth.

Barbara went west; it is believed to Ohio.

Susannah became Mrs George Nottingham and lived in Athens County, Ohio.

Elizabeth became Mrs William Queen and went to Marion County, Ohio.

In reference to the sons of John Collins, Senior, we learn that John Collins, Junior, was a dealer in horses, and upon going to Richmond with a drove he was never heard of afterwards. The probability seems to be that he was killed and robbed in the Blue Ridge.

James Collins went to Lawrence County, Ohio, married Henrietta, daughter of Judge Davidson, and settled seven miles below Tronton, and reared a large family. He was a prominent, prosperous citizen.

Lewis Collins was facetiously called the "Monarch of all he surveyed," being regarded by common consent the strongest, most athletic and largest man in the county. He excelled as a ditcher, fence-builder, and mower. He belted many large tracts of land, and cleared many fields. He was noted for his good temper and jovial disposition. He never was known to provoke any one, and, strange to say, he had more pugilistic knock-outs than any one person of his times. He finally went to Nicholas County where he met and married Sally Boles, and then settled in Upshur County. His children were James, Charles, Elizabeth, Margaret and Mary.

James Collins, of Lewis, married Mary Leonard, went to California and engaged in the lumber business.

Elizabeth became Mrs Sampson Jordan.

Charles Collins never married and Margaret remained unmarried and kept house for her brother at the old homestead.

Charles Collins, of John the ancestral emigrant, married Mary McCarty, on Brown's Mountain, and settled on Back Mountain where Jacob Shinnberry lives. They were the parents of six sons and three daughters, concerning whom the following particulars are given:

Martha became Mrs John Conaway and lived in Upshur County.

Susannah lived at home with her brothers William and Benjamin.

Nancy Collins married William Cassell and lived on Back Mountain. Mention of her family in the Cassell Sketches.

John Collins married Martha Moore, of Pennsylvania John, in The Hills, and settled in Upshur County. His second marriage was with Widow Nancy McFarland, at Lumberport, Braxton county.

Benjamin Collins married Margaret Shinnberry and settled on Back Mountain near McLaughlin Chapel. Their children were Peter Charles and Emma, who became John Shinnberry's first wife.

Andrew Collins married Martha Boggs, of Braxton, lived awhile in Pocahontas, and then moved to Upshur. Their children were Mary, who became Mrs Lawrence Fitzgerald; and Alice who became Mrs John Reed.

William Hutcheson Collins first married Sallie Varner and located at the Greenbrier homestead. In reference to the first family these items are given:

Benjamin Collins is a minister in the German Baptist Church. He married Nancy Jane Cassell and lives on the Greenbrier homestead. James Solomon is at home.

John Riley married Birdie Hoover and lives in Upshur.

William Hunter married V. Hoover and lives on Back Mountain.

Andrew Collins married Mary Elizabeth and lives at Beech Flats on the Greenbrier.

Amanda Catherine first married William Hoover on Back Mountain. Her second marriage was with Lytle Green Jackson and lives at Wetumpka, Alabama. Her last marriage was the result of an advertisement and exchange of photographs.

The second wife of William Collins was Caroline Gragg, daughter of Zebulon Gragg. The children of this marriage are Effie Alice, Joanna Susan, Lewis and Adam Hevener.

W. H. Collins was a Confederate soldier from 1862 to 1865. He first belonged to Company G, 31st Virginia Infantry, and after the seven days fight around Richmond was released from service under the rule of not enlisting over 35 years of age. When this was revoked he joined Captain William L. Moore's Cavalry.

Sally Joice, of Charles Collins, of John, never married, and was a confirmed invalid.

Charles Collins married Barbara Varner, of Highland County, and lived on Top of Alleghany. He was a Confederate soldier.

Samuel Collins first married Margaret Hayes and lived in Upshur. One son, John William Hayse became charmed with a show, left home and lived a life of adventure. His second marriage was with Celia Weimar, of Lewis County. They had two children, Samuel and Amanda, who became the wife of a Rev Queen, a minister in the M. P. Church, and lives in Pennsylvania. Samuel Collins was a Union soldier in the 10th West Virginia Infantry.

Thus with the patient assistance of the venerable William H. Collins the writer has been able to illustrate in part the domestic history of a family that has done a great deal in subduing our primitive forests, and prepared the way for many families to live in comfort now. The services of good, patient and toiling people should be remembered and duly appreciated by the intelligent and grateful citizenship of Pocahontas, of which we are justly proud.

The desire to see ourselves as others see us is sometimes gratified in an unexpected fashion. This, for example, is the view of Englishmen taken by an intelligent Chinaman who recently visited that country. "They certainly do not know how to amuse themselves. You never see them enjoy themselves by sitting quietly upon their ancestors' graves. They jump around and kick balls as if they were paid to do it. Again, you will find them making long trips into the country; but that is probably a religious duty, for when they tramp they wave sticks in the air, nobody why. They have no sense of dignity, for they may be found walking with women. They sit down at the same table with women, and the women are served first." In that the Chinaman has not only pictured his host as he saw them. He has with equal fidelity and force pictured himself.—Youth's Companion.

Not the Wisest Plan.

It is not always best to wait until it is needed before buying a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy. Quite frequently the remedy is required in the very busiest season or in the night and much inconvenience and suffering must be borne before it can be obtained. It costs but a trifle as compared to its real worth and every family can well afford to keep it in their home. It is everywhere acknowledged to be the most successful remedy in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by A. Barclay, Humberstone; Barlow and Moore, Edray.

time for Buckhannon in the history of that town.

Marlinton's Telephone.

If a telephone line had been run into the wildest African jungle that Stanley saw during his travels in the dark continent, the savages could not have made a greater do than the Pocahontas people at Marlinton did when the Beverly line was extended to that village, if we take the Pocahontas Times' word for it. The Times has it that one man got fighting mad when he was told that he could carry on a conversation over the wire with a person twenty miles away as easily as if the parties were in the same room. If this and other instances of ignorance related by The Times are true, it is very bad taste in the Times letting it out on its people. —Highland Recorder.

We agree with the Recorder in thinking that The Times should have been more discreet. The Recorder is nothing if not consistent. When the telephone line from Staunton to Monterey was building, an humble citizen of Highland's woods, who had at odd times hauled goods from Staunton for Highland merchants, was heard to complain thus:

"That thar blasted telephone is goin' to bust up the wagonin' business in this country; they will haul goods over the telephone, and we waggoners will have to go at sumthin' else fer a livin'."

The Recorder, jealous of the intellectual stand of its people failed to note the incident.—Bath Enterprise.

The dedication of a monument to Francis Scott Key in his native city was chiefly a tribute to the man who wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner." The memorial likewise honors one who wrote to his friend, John Randolph of Roanoke: "I agree with you that the 'state of society is radically vicious,' and that it is there the remedy is to be applied. Put down party spirit; stop the corruptions of party elections; legislate not for the next election, but for the next century." Few statesmen are poets, and perhaps it is well that prose-writing law-makers are in the majority. Key, however, showed a spirit worthy of high statesmanship when he wrote the sentences quoted, which are almost sufficient to entitle him to be called an early reformer of the republic.

Preaching services at Swago next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and at Sunset the fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock, by Rev W. T. Price.

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There is a good deal of wire-
work going on in Pocahontas now,
owing to different telephone cor-
porations disputing over territory
and connections. There is plenty
of feeling and a lot of the interest-
ed ones are very techy, and to any
any thing about it is to take your
life in your hands, but in spite of
all this we plunge into the middle
of the thing to describe the situa-
tion as best we can.

At the present time it seems
probable that there will be two sets
of telephone poles on the road from
Marlinton to Huntersville, and that
narrow trial will be so plainly mark-
ed that it will be impossible for the
way-faring man to lose his way. If
these two sets of telephone poles
are built it will advertise the fact
that the relations of the several
companies are some what strained.

The Beverly and Marlinton
Company were the pioneers of the
work, antedating the Ronceverte
and Marlinton Company by sever-
al weeks. They built a line from
Beverly to Marlinton, and, while
the town was thankful for it, they
wished very hard for a line to Ron-
ceverte, and got it. The Beverly
Company got a good bonus from
Marlinton and secured a subscrip-
tion of about \$40 to extend their
line to Huntersville. They have
set the poles and expect to stretch
the wire this week.

The Ronceverte and Marlinton
line expect to stretch their wire
this month, beginning on the 20th
and reaching Marlinton in five
days. The company will not be
organized until September 28, but
Smith & Whiting, lumber jobbers,
are promoters of the company and
what they say goes.

The first sign of coming trouble
was when the Ronceverte company
staked their line to another office
in Marlinton; to Crummett's Har-
ness shop, while the Beverly tele-
phone office was in Bird's store.
This put the other company on its
mettle and the members took it as
a sign that they were not to co-op-
erate and the trouble began.

Then the Dunmore company,
promoted by two progressive men
of the Upper End, B. F. McElwee
and Samuel Sheets, was organized
and the two other companies be-
gan to woo this new company.
Beverly proposed that they unite
with them at Huntersville or Dis-
col, and the Ronceverte company
that they would unite with them.

The Ronceverte company charge
that the poles of its rival are only
4in. at the top, while their poles
are 6in. The Beverly company
says that is true, but a little pole
will last longer in the ground than
a big one. The Ronceverte com-
pany says their wire is welded,
while the Beverly company inter-
rupts the flow of conversation by
splicing their wire. The Ronce-
verte company reminds Dunmore
that its natural out let is down the
Greenbrier Valley, and the Bever-
ly people suggest that Beverly or
Huttonsville is to be the depot of
the Upper End until Pocahontas
has a railroad.

The three companies met at the
telephone office last week, the Dun-
more and Ronceverte present in
person and the Beverly company
present at Huttonsville and Crick-
ard by telephone, and the report is
that it was a warm meeting. At
this time it seems probable that
the Dunmore line will be construct-
ed by the firm of Smith & Whit-
ing and meet the Ronceverte line
at Marlinton, and that they will
not associate with the Beverly
company. While these arrange-
ments were being made Edray had
the receiver down and directly that
town boiled over, and sent word
down for a day or two, naming all
the men of money in that section,
saying that if the Ronceverte com-
pany cut them off in this way they
would never deposit another cent
in Ronceverte banks, or touch the
town in any way with a forty foot
pole.

A proposition to the Beverly
company to abandon their Hun-
tersville branch was rejected.

We know it is to the interest
of the county to be connected and
we still hope that there will be a
central office in Marlinton for the
three lines so that every part of the
county can be reached by paying
for one message.

Death of Dr Snyder.

Dr W. F. Snyder, of Huttons-
ville died last Tuesday night of
heart failure. He had attended
the nominating convention at Par-
sons the same day and arrived at
home about midnight. He had re-
ceived the nomination for House
of Delegates. The nomination is
virtually an election, and the ex-
citement of the day probably had
something to do with bringing on
the attack. Mrs Snyder was aroun-
ed by the heavy breathing of her
husband, and before she could call
for help he was dead.

Dr Snyder was a native of Kan-
awha County. He was 38 years
old. He was considered a most
competent physician. He will be
buried by the Odd Fellows, proba-
bly at Charleston.

The Counties of Tucker and
Randolph form a delegate district
sending two delegates. J. W.
Waggoner, an attorney of Tucker
County, received the other nomi-
nation.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine
Tablets. All Druggists refund the
money if it fails to cure. 25c.

S. R. Kerr is out to
Mr Morgan Grimes
Sunday.

S. C. Pritchard is
to Virginia.

Old Jack got in two
nipped things a little,
Joe McLaughlin was
ed by his team last w

We think the next
society will be at F

E. H. Smith and
boys passed through
John McCutchan
blooded Spaniard—
well.

Dr Hunter Moom
last week to see Alf
on the sick-list.

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have thrashed nearly
ple up this way.

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H. M. Lockridge
the road from H
Browns Mountain in

O. P. Kerr and hi
going to keep hotel
House in Randolph

If Colonel Fisher
gun with him last
that deer would have
to death.

George Jamieson
Oklahoma, and Mrs
Fairmont, are visitin
tion.

Corn cutting, as
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Several ladies vis
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penning. Mrs Hann
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Barlow, Huntersvil
Moore, Edray.

To Cure Constipa-
Take Chamber's Candy
If C. C. fail to cure, dru

Trustee

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by E. I. Holt and
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Edgar, and William
the payment of
Notes of \$2500.00
the 3d day of Febr
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H. Clark, A. M. E
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There is a good deal of wire-
work going on in Pocahontas now,
owing to different telephone cor-
porations disputing over territory
and connections. There is plenty
of feeling and a lot of the interest-
ed ones are very techy, and to any
any thing about it is to take your
life in your hands, but in spite of
all this we plunge into the middle
of the thing to describe the situa-
tion as best we can.

At the present time it seems
probable that there will be two sets
of telephone poles on the road from
Marlinton to Huntersville, and that
narrow trial will be so plainly mark-
ed that it will be impossible for the
way-faring man to lose his way. If
these two sets of telephone poles
are built it will advertise the fact
that the relations of the several
companies are some what strained.

The Beverly and Marlinton
Company were the pioneers of the
work, antedating the Ronceverte
and Marlinton Company by sever-
al weeks. They built a line from
Beverly to Marlinton, and, while
the town was thankful for it, they
wished very hard for a line to Ron-
ceverte, and got it. The Beverly
Company got a good bonus from
Marlinton and secured a subscrip-
tion of about \$40 to extend their
line to Huntersville. They have
set the poles and expect to stretch
the wire this week.

The Ronceverte and Marlinton
line expect to stretch their wire
this month, beginning on the 20th
and reaching Marlinton in five
days. The company will not be
organized until September 28, but
Smith & Whiting, lumber jobbers,
are promoters of the company and
what they say goes.

The first sign of coming trouble
was when the Ronceverte company
staked their line to another office
in Marlinton; to Crummett's Har-
ness shop, while the Beverly tele-
phone office was in Bird's store.
This put the other company on its
mettle and the members took it as
a sign that they were not to co-op-
erate and the trouble began.

Then the Dunmore company,
promoted by two progressive men
of the Upper End, B. F. McElwee
and Samuel Sheets, was organized
and the two other companies be-
gan to woo this new company.
Beverly proposed that they unite
with them at Huntersville or Dis-
col, and the Ronceverte company
that they would unite with them.

The Ronceverte company charge
that the poles of its rival are only
4in. at the top, while their poles
are 6in. The Beverly company
says that is true, but a little pole
will last longer in the ground than
a big one. The Ronceverte com-
pany says their wire is welded,
while the Beverly company inter-
rupts the flow of conversation by
splicing their wire. The Ronce-
verte company reminds Dunmore
that its natural out let is down the
Greenbrier Valley, and the Bever-
ly people suggest that Beverly or
Huttonsville is to be the depot of
the Upper End until Pocahontas
has a railroad.

The three companies met at the
telephone office last week, the Dun-
more and Ronceverte present in
person and the Beverly company
present at Huttonsville and Crick-
ard by telephone, and the report is
that it was a warm meeting. At
this time it seems probable that
the Dunmore line will be construct-
ed by the firm of Smith & Whit-
ing and meet the Ronceverte line
at Marlinton, and that they will
not associate with the Beverly
company. While these arrange-
ments were being made Edray had
the receiver down and directly that
town boiled over, and sent word
down for a day or two, naming all
the men of money in that section,
saying that if the Ronceverte com-
pany cut them off in this way they
would never deposit another cent
in Ronceverte banks, or touch the
town in any way with a forty foot
pole.

A proposition to the Beverly
company to abandon their Hun-
tersville branch was rejected.

We know it is to the interest
of the county to be connected and
we still hope that there will be a
central office in Marlinton for the
three lines so that every part of the
county can be reached by paying
for one message.

Death of Dr Snyder.

Dr W. F. Snyder, of Huttons-
ville died last Tuesday night of
heart failure. He had attended
the nominating convention at Par-
sons the same day and arrived at
home about midnight. He had re-
ceived the nomination for House
of Delegates. The nomination is
virtually an election, and the ex-
citement of the day probably had
something to do with bringing on
the attack. Mrs Snyder was aroun-
ed by the heavy breathing of her
husband, and before she could call
for help he was dead.

Dr Snyder was a native of Kan-
awha County. He was 38 years
old. He was considered a most
competent physician. He will be
buried by the Odd Fellows, proba-
bly at Charleston.

The Counties of Tucker and
Randolph form a delegate district
sending two delegates. J. W.
Waggoner, an attorney of Tucker
County, received the other nomi-
nation.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine
Tablets. All Druggists refund the
money if it fails to cure. 25c.

S. R. Kerr is out to
Mr Morgan Grimes
Sunday.

S. C. Pritchard is
to Virginia.

Old Jack got in two
nipped things a little,
Joe McLaughlin was
ed by his team last w

We think the next
society will be at F

E. H. Smith and
boys passed through
John McCutchan
blooded Spaniard—
well.

Dr Hunter Moom
last week to see Alf
on the sick-list.

Ac Orndoff and
have thrashed nearly
ple up this way.

Paris Johnson was
and took his betsy
Beuson back to Mon

H. M. Lockridge
the road from H
Browns Mountain in

O. P. Kerr and hi
going to keep hotel
House in Randolph

If Colonel Fisher
gun with him last
that deer would have
to death.

George Jamieson
Oklahoma, and Mrs
Fairmont, are visitin
tion.

Corn cutting, as
whackings, snittings
and jumps seems to
nowadays and nights

John R. Warwick
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can get sugar enough
Bank district to swe
dampings with.

Several ladies vis
Hannali last week at
penning. Mrs Hann
well at this time, bei
bed with rheumatism

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and if not worked by
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grand jury court if
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telephone line from
Green Bank. This
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line will be extend
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Good Enough

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roots used in its pr
it a flavor similar to
syrup, making it ve
take As a medic
of coughs, colds, h
and whooping cough
ed by any other. I
and cures quickly.
Barlow, Huntersvil
Moore, Edray.

To Cure Constipa-
Take Chamber's Candy
If C. C. fail to cure, dru

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THE HUDSONS.

Interesting Biographies of this Pocahontas Family.

W. T. P.

The Hudson family trace their ancestry to Richard Hudson, whose wife was Elizabeth Redden. They came from Augusta County early in the century, and virtually settled in the woods on the head waters of Sitlington's Creek on lands now held by their grand-sons, Warwick B. and John L. Hudson. This land was purchased from a Mr. Armstrong. A small opening had been made by the Potomac previously.

Sally and Polly Hudson went to Ohio, and married and settled in that State.

Keziah Hudson, of whom the writer has no definite information more than that she was named after one of Job's daughters.

Rachel Hudson became Mrs. William Dysard and lived in Barbour County.

Matilda married Thomas Humphries and lived in Barbour County.

Naomi became Mrs. Samuel Matthews and lived in Randolph county. M. G. Matthews, late Superintendent of Pocahontas schools, Charles Matthews and Captain J. W. Matthews, of Alvon, West Virginia, are her sons.

Nancy first married John Seybert, of Highland County. Her second marriage was with Andrew Lockridge, of Bath County.

Thomas Hudson went to Missouri, and married and settled there.

Madison Hudson went to Maryland in his youth, and married and reared a large family. He prospered in business and was a citizen of prominence in neighborhood and county affairs.

Elijah Hudson married Margaret Deaver, daughter of James and Sally Deaver, who are believed to have been the first settlers on Back Alleghany. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson went to home keeping on the home place, and were the parents of five daughters and eight sons: Jackson, Thomas, William, Warwick Bird, Davis, Dallas, Paul McNeel, John Letcher, Sarah, Harriet, Laura, Nancy Jane and Susan. In reference to the daughters we learn the following particulars:

Sarah died in early youth.

Harriet became Mrs. John E. Gumm, and lives near Green Bank. Her children are Dolly Bell, now Mrs. Robert Ralston, in Highland; Nebraska, is Mrs. Oscar Orndorff; Margaret is at home; Charles went to Wisconsin; William located in Colorado, and was with a party of engineers when he lost his life; Warwick operates a lumber train in Upshur County.

Laura married Madison Humphries and lives near Philippi.

Nancy Jane became Mrs. Levi Beverage and lives on Clover Creek, and is the mother of five sons and six daughters.

Susan is now Mrs. Uriah Bird and lives at Marlinton, and is the mother of seven daughters and a son.

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Paul McNeel Hudson also went to Missouri and married Eliza Livingston. They are both dead, and are survived by their daughter Mary.

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John Letcher Hudson married Margaret Virginia Gillespie, a daughter of the late John Gillespie, and resides at the old homestead on Sitlington's Creek. They are the parents of six sons and six daughters: Marion Conner, Henry Harper, David Warden, Edward Arbuckle, Luther Gilbert, William McNeel, Ethel Gracie, Hattie Jane, Laura Mattie, Clara Margie, Lucy Elizabeth and Minnie Bell.

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Elijah Hudson, Esqr., represented Pocahontas in the Virginia Legislature, was a member of the Pocahontas Court, and transacted a great deal of neighborhood business, writing wills, deeds of conveyance, and articles of agreement. He was endowed with natural abilities of a high order, and he persistently made the most of his limited opportunities for mental improvement. During his life he taught many terms in the Old Field school house for the benefit of his neighbors and his own family.

He was a speaker of more than ordinary fluency. The writer heard him on but one occasion, in 1844. His manner was instructive and logical. The tones of his voice were soft as the notes of a flute, and his enunciation was so perfect that not a word need be misunderstood. His aim seemed to be to convince and instruct rather than to be amusing. It is the impression of some that he never cracked a joke in his life while making a political address. He seemed to take it for granted that every body was sensible like himself and liked to hear sensible speaking when the welfare of the country was in question. He had a large pair of saddle bags about full of books, political pamphlets and clippings from the news papers, to which he would frequently refer to illustrate and enforce the points he made. Taken altogether the effort was statesmanlike, and much above the political harangue so much in vogue at the time. He was a Jacksonian Democrat and an appreciative reader of the Richmond Enquirer.

He died after much intense suffering March 4, 1881, aged about 80 years. Mrs. Hudson survived her husband until December 31st, 1889, when she too passed away, aged about 83 years.

Late in life Mr. Hudson became a member of the Liberty Church. He witnessed a very satisfactory, intelligent profession of his faith in the atoning blood of Jesus. The older people tell us that one of the most solemn scenes they ever saw at Liberty Church was when Elijah Hudson arose in the presence of the congregation, and with a contrite spirit and broken voice assumed his Christian vows before taking his place at the communion table, to take the cup of salvation and call upon his Lord and Redeemer.

A Valuable Dog.

As a variation from the snake stories, &c., now current in the Kentucky press, this item from the Richmond Register is worthy of perusal: "Mr. J. S. Schooler, a farmer living near Cottonburg, this county, is the possessor of a small rat dog which he has trained to worm tobacco. The dog goes to the field with the hands and seems to take special delight in killing the pests, which he noses around on the plants for, and when discovered bites their heads off. If a worm endeavors to escape by dropping on the ground, the dog hunts for it and seldom lets it get away. Mr. Schooler says the dog has been as valuable to him in his tobacco crop this year as one of his hired hands."

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toils and sufferings, and we de-
voutly hope he has been made glad
according to the years and days
wherein he has seen trouble and
been afflicted.
W. T. P.

Runaway Accident.

WELCOME HOME,
Sept. 19, 1898.

A funny runaway accident oc-
curred here September 14. Six
young ladies from a nearby vil-
lage were spending the day at
Capt. S's. In the afternoon they
joined the Captain and wife and
some Western ladies who were
boiling apple-butter. There were
12 around the apple-butter kettle.
One fair maiden suggested they
take a ride in a buggy standing
near. Two girls got in the buggy,
two took hold of the shafts, and a
fifth took her place at the back.
The buggy ran violently down a
steep hill and into a plank fence.
The girls were unhurt but their
pleasure was spoiled for awhile.
This as seen from the
Green Bank.

BIG SLED.

Murder and Suicide.

Henry Robinson, of Lewisburg,
a colored man, had been separated
from his wife, who was working as
a domestic in Dr Rucker's family.
On hearing that she intended to
apply for a divorce, he armed him-
self and went to Dr Rucker's and
shot and killed her. He returned
to the town of Lewisburg and
there killed himself.

James A. Whiting came up from
Ronceverte Monday. He reports
great progress in the telephone.
The wires belonging to other com-
panies between Lewisburg and
Ronceverte have been placed on
cross-bars. He wants to start to
stretching wire next Monday. The
poles in Greenbrier are nearly all
in. On top of Droop solid rock
was struck in nearly every hole.

Saturday a party composed of
two men a woman came over from
Elk. They had two horses, and
the woman was riding one without
a saddle. They stayed all night at
Pete Carr's on Greenbrier River,
four or five miles above Marlinton.
Monday a party of four men arriv-
ed here from Clay in pursuit of
them. They are accused of steal-
ing the horses.

If any students go from this
county to the West Virginia Uni-
versity this year they may be glad
to know that The Acme Book
Store, of Morgantown, W. Va., is
prepared to furnish them with
University Text-Books, second
hand, and shelf-worn. You can
save a great deal by buying all
your school supplies of them.

The Acme Book Store, Morgan-
town, W. Va., has arranged to fur-
nish students of the University
with Text-Books, second hand and
shelf-worn, at about one-half what
they would pay for the new books.
They also deal in all kinds of sup-
plies for students.

W. W. Tyree has shipped over
1800 chickens lately without los-
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W. T. P.

Runaway Accident.

WELCOME HOME,
Sept. 19, 1898.

A funny runaway accident oc-
curred here September 14. Six
young ladies from a nearby vil-
lage were spending the day at
Capt. S's. In the afternoon they
joined the Captain and wife and
some Western ladies who were
boiling apple-butter. There were
12 around the apple-butter kettle.
One fair maiden suggested they
take a ride in a buggy standing
near. Two girls got in the buggy,
two took hold of the shafts, and a
fifth took her place at the back.
The buggy ran violently down a
steep hill and into a plank fence.
The girls were unhurt but their
pleasure was spoiled for awhile.
This as seen from the
Green Bank.

BIG SLED.

Murder and Suicide.

Henry Robinson, of Lewisburg,
a colored man, had been separated
from his wife, who was working as
a domestic in Dr Rucker's family.
On hearing that she intended to
apply for a divorce, he armed him-
self and went to Dr Rucker's and
shot and killed her. He returned
to the town of Lewisburg and
there killed himself.

James A. Whiting came up from
Ronceverte Monday. He reports
great progress in the telephone.
The wires belonging to other com-
panies between Lewisburg and
Ronceverte have been placed on
cross-bars. He wants to start to
stretching wire next Monday. The
poles in Greenbrier are nearly all
in. On top of Droop solid rock
was struck in nearly every hole.

Saturday a party composed of
two men a woman came over from
Elk. They had two horses, and
the woman was riding one without
a saddle. They stayed all night at
Pete Carr's on Greenbrier River,
four or five miles above Marlinton.
Monday a party of four men arriv-
ed here from Clay in pursuit of
them. They are accused of steal-
ing the horses.

If any students go from this
county to the West Virginia Uni-
versity this year they may be glad
to know that The Acme Book
Store, of Morgantown, W. Va., is
prepared to furnish them with
University Text-Books, second
hand, and shelf-worn. You can
save a great deal by buying all
your school supplies of them.

The Acme Book Store, Morgan-
town, W. Va., has arranged to fur-
nish students of the University
with Text-Books, second hand and
shelf-worn, at about one-half what
they would pay for the new books.
They also deal in all kinds of sup-
plies for students.

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Thomas Galford had a brother John, of whom but little is now known. There was a sister, Jennie, who became Mrs. Otho Gum, and lived at the head of Crab Bottom, Highland County. There was another sister, whose name can not now be recalled, who became Mrs. John Chestnut, on Little Back Creek, where she has numerous descendants.

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"Thank y had once be you was a g comin' along ll drink yo', pointing to I 'spec's I'll catty come ed off to the gan to fear and that a d "levvy," mi niper juice late without and rejoiced to give him as he would A half-hou which stren weakens lov den. I was post when r ed above th for his indu proved so f cerned. He ing: "I dun made for th ticed the a weaving me I had been dive and th would come The old n with all his help him, f he, and tha certain, the be caused t the resistan size. We of line, and the slope head out of produced a where and stroke.

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He was the eldest son of John W. Warwick and Caroline Craig his wife, late of Edray, Pocahontas County. He was born May 12th, 1867, at Glen Mary, Nelson county, Virginia.

He was educated at the Fishburne Military School, Waynesboro. He stood high in the school, and the last year he was there he was commandant of the corps of cadets. Upon leaving school he was in business a number of years at Ronceverte and Hinton. For the past two or three years he was book keeper and purchasing agent for the Turkey Knob Coal & Coke Company. This position he filled with such conspicuous fidelity and efficiency that his place will be hard to fill, as officers of the company remarked at the time of his sickness and decease.

His wife was Miss Mabel Feamster, a grand-daughter of Hon. James Withrow, of Lewisburg. She and her little son George survive him, along with three sisters: Mrs. Woodsey Moore, near Dunmore; Mrs. Maggie Lockridge, at Driscoll; and Miss Emma Warwick, near Edray.

About twelve years ago, while a cadet at the military school, he made a profession of his faith in Christ, and united with the Waynesboro church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. A. R. Cocke. Two or three days before his death his sister Emma asked him concerning his Christian hope. A pleasing expression illumined his features as he replied: "Sister, I am so glad that you have mentioned this subject to me. My trust is in the blood of Jesus Christ, and I am sure that I am redeemed and that all is well with me. I wanted you all to know this, and I am truly glad you have asked me about my hopes."

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Pocahontas Times.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

CHARLINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FEBRUARY 19, 1897.

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Biographic Gleanings.

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When a bank goes to smash in China, No pitying tears you see them shed, But they take a big cheese knife instead And amputate the president's head, And banks never break in China.

"WHAT a small mind Mrs Vennlyne has." "Naturally. She has given her husband so many pieces of it."—Tid-Bits.

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

The Gumm Relationship in Pocahontas.—The Descendants of William A. Gumm.

BY W. T. P.

The Gumm relationship in Pocahontas consists of two groups, descendants of Jacob Gumm and William A. Gumm respectively. The group considered in this paper trace their ancestry to William A. Gumm, who left Highland county, then Pendleton, in 1832, and located on the Redden place near Green Bank, now occupied by John Grogg. In 1841 Mr Gumm moved to Back Alleghany and settled in the woods, and opened up lands now occupied by his sons James and McBride.

Mrs Gumm was Elizabeth, daughter of James Higgins, of Pendleton, now Highland. Mr and Mrs Gumm were the parents of one daughter and two sons: Margaret Elsie, James Henry and Francis McBryde.

Margaret was first married to James A. Logan, and first settled on a section of the homestead. Her children were John Commodore, who died in 1861 while quite young and Elizabeth, who became Mrs E. O. Moore and lives on Deer Creek, near Green Bank.

By her second marriage Mrs Logan became Mrs Gragg and lives on Back Mountain near the homestead. It is her mother-in-law, Mrs Zebulon Gragg, who is believed to be the oldest person now living in our county.

James H. Gumm first married Sally Ann, daughter of Zebulon Gragg, and settled on a part of the homestead.

His second marriage was with Milda Hoover, daughter of Abel Hoover, near Gillespie. James H. Gumm was a Confederate soldier attached to the 62nd Regiment of Mounted Infantry that formed a part of General Imboden's command.

Francis McBryde Gumm first married Elizabeth Peck, from Lewis county, and settled on the homestead. There were two children by this marriage, James Floyd and Virginia Elizabeth, who are living near Montgomery City, Montgomery County, Missouri.

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that the cook was infected with the spirit of speculation that was so much in the air during war times and saw a chance to realize some pocket money from the rations he drew at the commissary. While the cook would draw very liberal rations he was excessively economical in feeding them out.

There were but two meals a day, breakfast and supper. For breakfast the bill of fare consisted of a slice of very light bread, about four fingers broad, half tin cup of water and a slice of bacon two fingers broad and not much longer. Supper was served at 4 p. m., consisting uniformly of a tin cup of coffee and another small slice of bread, but no meat. It is but just to remark that all this was without the knowledge of the Federal officer in charge. An individual, who had been in the Southern service, was the cook and took advantage of this opportunity to make a little something for himself. He had found out that Confederates were in the habit of living on little or nothing, and to feed such was just to his advantage. He would make a nice thing of it and they would not know the difference, and would think they had gotten all that would be allowed.

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From that circumstance he always thus signed his name in business affairs and in correspondence, and so got his middle name Alleghany long after he became a grown person. In studying their origin of names it is interesting to find that a large number of names have originated from where persons happened to live. Forty-six years last August the writer spent an hour or two at his newly made home in the woods, and ever since there has been a beautiful picture in his mind of a truly contented man with his home and surroundings, endowed with the power of making himself and all around him pleasant and cheerful.

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

The Gumm Relationship in Pocahontas.—The Descendants of William A. Gumm.

BY W. T. P.

The Gumm relationship in Pocahontas consists of two groups, descendants of Jacob Gumm and William A. Gumm respectively. The group considered in this paper trace their ancestry to William A. Gumm, who left Highland county, then Pendleton, in 1832, and located on the Redden place near Green Bank, now occupied by John Grogg. In 1841 Mr Gumm moved to Back Alleghany and settled in the woods, and opened up lands now occupied by his sons James and McBride.

Mrs Gumm was Elizabeth, daughter of James Higgins, of Pendleton, now Highland. Mr and Mrs Gumm were the parents of one daughter and two sons: Margaret Elsie, James Henry and Francis McBryde.

Margaret was first married to James A. Logan, and first settled on a section of the homestead. Her children were John Commodore, who died in 1861 while quite young and Elizabeth, who became Mrs E. O. Moore and lives on Deer Creek, near Green Bank.

By her second marriage Mrs Logan became Mrs Gragg and lives on Back Mountain near the homestead. It is her mother-in-law, Mrs Zebulon Gragg, who is believed to be the oldest person now living in our county.

James H. Gumm first married Sally Ann, daughter of Zebulon Gragg, and settled on a part of the homestead.

His second marriage was with Milda Hoover, daughter of Abel Hoover, near Gillespie. James H. Gumm was a Confederate soldier attached to the 62nd Regiment of Mounted Infantry that formed a part of General Imboden's command.

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And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offerings forever.

The sad results of parental indulgence were vividly presented, and most of the prevailing and threatened evils that now make the future so ominous for families and the nations are to be traced to mistaken kindness on the part of parents in not "restraining their sons and daughters" at the proper time, when under parental authority. One of the telling points made was in reference to indulging in things that parents regard as wrong, and the children think to be harmless, and will indulge in spite of parental wishes to the contrary. By so doing they fail to honor fathers and mothers, and by doing thus, what otherwise might be a harmless indulgence becomes a violation of the commandments, and dishonor to parents is prohibited along with murder and other crime. The speaker emphasized the importance of parents asserting their authority: restrain their children and drive from their thresholds the morally impure, with something of the same aversion and horror that they would

bruise the heads of vipers and copperheads when found crawling too near their homes. S. C. R.

A BISHOP ON THE ROAD.

A recent issue of the New York World has an interesting article concerning the adventures of Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, who figured as a tramp a few weeks since in northern West Virginia. Unknown, in coarse clothing, he walked 235 miles in ten days. Beginning at Martinsburg he footed it to Romney over the Alleghanies, thence to Grafton, and then went down the Cumberland Valley on his return to Wilmington, Delaware, where his fine home is situated. On his tramp he would stop where night came on, and frequently did hard work for food and lodging. Mending clocks, tinkering umbrellas, sawing wood, or milking cows. He slept in a barn, a school house, or under the trees. The Bishop is 61 years of age, of fine physique. He carried but little money on his journey, for which he found no special need.

The place where he had the most enjoyable incident was at the home of a mountaineer where he found a number of families assembled for a cottage prayer-meeting one evening. His spirit was so stirred by their devotions that he could not be silent, so he led in prayer and then preached, and left an impression on his hearers that will not be soon forgotten by them. He ranks as one of the eminent pulpit orators in the Episcopal church.

When asked by an interviewer as to what impression he got from these poor folks of the woods and mountains, what of them and their life, the Bishop is reported to have made this reply: "Ox-like patience. A wonderful contentment with hard conditions. No soft beds, no tempting food, no carpets, no love or comprehension of the beautiful, no comfort, and yet with it all a kind of happiness."

The Bishop was asked to what he attributed his rugged health, and his explanation was to this effect: "To my lifelong habit of walking—the best of all exercise; and to the fact that I have never tasted tea, coffee, or other stimulants."

He spent ten days on the excursion in actual walking, and covered 235 miles. The next time he takes a walk let him come to Pocahontas and find out what a nice place it is for "entertaining angels unaware." S. C. R.

HON THOMAS F. BAYARD.

This eminent man died the 25th of September at the home of his daughter, Dedham, Massachusetts. For nearly two months he had been unwell, owing chiefly to a breaking down incident to old age, being in his 70th year.

The Bayard family has been eminent in our country's history for two hundred years, and the late Senator was one of the most distinguished of the name. In 1685 Nicholas Bayard was mayor of New York; John Bayard was a leader in the Revolution, and four members of the family have been United States Senators from Delaware. The subject of this sketch was born in 1828. He became a distinguished lawyer, and was conspicuously prominent in his opposition to the civil war as the wrong way to settle the troubles complained of. He became United States Senator in 1868, and served three terms. In 1884, when Mr Cleveland was nominated for President, the next largest vote was cast for Mr Bayard, and he was Secretary of State in the first Cleveland Administration, and was Ambassador to England during the second Cleveland administration. Queen Victoria sent Mrs Bayard a telegram of sympathy.

His character was an honor to his country, as all cheerfully admit who may have differed widely with him as to political views. It was no doubt largely due to his influence that the present state of good feeling exists between England and America, and the American people may never fully realize how much they owe him for his good offices in this respect.

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The sad results of parental indulgence were vividly presented, and most of the prevailing and threatened evils that now make the future so ominous for families and the nations are to be traced to mistaken kindness on the part of parents in not "restraining their sons and daughters" at the proper time, when under parental authority. One of the telling points made was in reference to indulging in things that parents regard as wrong, and the children think to be harmless, and will indulge in spite of parental wishes to the contrary. By so doing they fail to honor fathers and mothers, and by doing thus, what otherwise might be a harmless indulgence becomes a violation of the commandments, and dishonor to parents is prohibited along with murder and other crime. The speaker emphasized the importance of parents asserting their authority: restrain their children and drive from their thresholds the morally impure, with something of the same aversion and horror that they would

bruise the heads of vipers and copperheads when found crawling too near their homes. S. C. R.

A BISHOP ON THE ROAD.

A recent issue of the New York World has an interesting article concerning the adventures of Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, who figured as a tramp a few weeks since in northern West Virginia. Unknown, in coarse clothing, he walked 235 miles in ten days. Beginning at Martinsburg he footed it to Romney over the Alleghanies, thence to Grafton, and then went down the Cumberland Valley on his return to Wilmington, Delaware, where his fine home is situated. On his tramp he would stop where night came on, and frequently did hard work for food and lodging. Mending clocks, tinkering umbrellas, sawing wood, or milking cows. He slept in a barn, a school house, or under the trees. The Bishop is 61 years of age, of fine physique. He carried but little money on his journey, for which he found no special need.

The place where he had the most enjoyable incident was at the home of a mountaineer where he found a number of families assembled for a cottage prayer-meeting one evening. His spirit was so stirred by their devotions that he could not be silent, so he led in prayer and then preached, and left an impression on his hearers that will not be soon forgotten by them. He ranks as one of the eminent pulpit orators in the Episcopal church.

When asked by an interviewer as to what impression he got from these poor folks of the woods and mountains, what of them and their life, the Bishop is reported to have made this reply: "Ox-like patience. A wonderful contentment with hard conditions. No soft beds, no tempting food, no carpets, no love or comprehension of the beautiful, no comfort, and yet with it all a kind of happiness."

The Bishop was asked to what he attributed his rugged health, and his explanation was to this effect: "To my lifelong habit of walking—the best of all exercise; and to the fact that I have never tasted tea, coffee, or other stimulants."

He spent ten days on the excursion in actual walking, and covered 235 miles. The next time he takes a walk let him come to Pocahontas and find out what a nice place it is for "entertaining angels unaware." S. C. R.

HON THOMAS F. BAYARD.

This eminent man died the 25th of September at the home of his daughter, Dedham, Massachusetts. For nearly two months he had been unwell, owing chiefly to a breaking down incident to old age, being in his 70th year.

The Bayard family has been eminent in our country's history for two hundred years, and the late Senator was one of the most distinguished of the name. In 1685 Nicholas Bayard was mayor of New York; John Bayard was a leader in the Revolution, and four members of the family have been United States Senators from Delaware. The subject of this sketch was born in 1828. He became a distinguished lawyer, and was conspicuously prominent in his opposition to the civil war as the wrong way to settle the troubles complained of. He became United States Senator in 1868, and served three terms; In 1884, when Mr Cleveland was nominated for President, the next largest vote was cast for Mr Bayard, and he was Secretary of State in the first Cleveland Administration, and was Ambassador to England during the second Cleveland administration. Queen Victoria sent Mrs Bayard a telegram of sympathy.

His character was an honor to his country, as all cheerfully admit who may have differed widely with him as to political views. It was no doubt largely due to his influence that the present state of good feeling exists between England and America, and the American people may never fully realize how much they owe him for his good offices in this respect.

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This the ubiquitous country newspaper rendered "The snow-white hand," and so destroyed its usefulness.

Col. McGraw took his thought from Dryden's poem, the "Hind and the Panther"; the hind represents the church. The reader will see in this selection that the speaker took the thought rather than the words:

"A milk-white Hind immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger; for she knew no sin.
Yet she had oft been chased with horns and bounds,
And Scythian shafts and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, tho' fated not to die."

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Mrs Diana Saunders, a Pioneer on Dry Creek.

Soon after the war of 1812 there came to our county one of the most interesting and eccentric personalities that our older people remember anything about, Mrs Diana Saunders, late of Rocky Point, on Dry Branch of Swago. She was the widowed mother of four children, Anna, Eleanor, Cyrus, and Isaac. Her cabin home was built near the head springs of Dry Branch, almost in speaking distance of the Rocky Point school house, and just below.

Cyrus Saunders lived in Madison County, Virginia, and was a merchant and a citizen of prominence.

Isaac Saunders, upon attaining his majority, went to Fayette County, married, and settled on the banks of New River not far from Hawk's Nest. His sister Anna made her home with him for a time, and then became Mrs Ewing of Fayette County.

Eleanor Saunders was married to the late Barnett Adkisson, from Madison County, and lived on Spruce Flat at the head of Swago, on the place now occupied by James Adkisson where he has just built a nice new house. In reference to her children we have in hand the following particulars, communicated by John Adkisson.

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William Adkisson, whose wife was Martha Jones, from Madison county, lived on Spruce Flat.

Abel Adkisson, whose first wife was Susannah, daughter of the late Daniel Adkisson, and whose second wife was Frances Hughes, lived on the head of Swago, where his son Oliver Blake now lives.

Daniel Adkisson married Mary Holmes, of Madison County, and settled on Spruce Flats.

Isaac Adkisson married Martha Young and lived at the "Young Place" on Rich Mountain.

Frances Adkisson first became Mrs James W. Silvey, and lived at the head of Swago. She was afterwards married to the late Joseph Rodgers and lives near Mill Point.

Nancy married Benjamin Taylor, of Orange County, and settled on New River. He was a hatter by occupation.

Martha Jane Adkisson married James Arthur, of Webster County, and went to the western part of our State.

Lusinda Adkisson, the youngest of Eleanor's daughters, was married to Rev Joshua Buckley and lived at Buckeye. Some reference to her family is made in other sketches.

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David James, Senior, of Droop Mountain.—Died Aged 104.

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David James, Senior, was one of the first settlers of the Droop neighborhood, in lower Pocahontas. He was from Norfolk, Virginia. It is believed he came here soon after the Revolution and located for a while near the head of Trump Run, on property now owned by Richard Callison. He then lived some years at the Rocky Turn, now known as the Irvine place, where he built a mill. One of the stones is yet to be seen just below the road near where the mill stood.

From the Irvine place he moved on lands now occupied by George Cochran. The house is still standing and furnishes a correct idea of the kind of houses the pioneers lived in. It was here he passed the latter years of his life and passed away at the age of 104 years. The name and parentage of his wife are not remembered.

His family consisted of three daughters and two sons: Nellie, Martha, Sally, David and John.

Nellie James was married to Thomas Cochran, second wife, and lived near Marvia. Her children were William, Samuel, Isaac, David, Solomon, James, Jesse, Rebecca and Nellie. Special mention of these children found in the Cochran Sketches.

Martha was married to John Salisbury and lived on Trump Run and finally went west. This John Salisbury was a son of William Salisbury, a native of England who opened the Salisbury settlement on Trump Run. William Salisbury's wife Mary was a native of Scotland. He lived to the age of 104 years; and he is to be remembered as one of the pioneers of Lower Pocahontas.

Sally became Mrs John Catlip who opened up an improvement on Droop Mountain, now in possession of the Renick family. Her children were David, Abram, John, George, Martha and Elizabeth. The latter married David Kennison and went to the West.

David James, Junior, married Catherine Parks and settled on Droop Mountain. They were the parents of these children: Mordecai, Jennie, Samuel, Elizabeth, John, Rebecca, Martha and Mary.

Mordecai married Martha Sharp and went West. The Sharps lived on the Joshua Kee place, near Marlinton.

Jennie became Mrs Jesse Cochran. Her marriage was attended by very romantic incidents, illustrating the fact that all may be well that ends well.

Samuel married Elizabeth Ewing, daughter of William Ewing, who lived on the Greenbrier, where Joseph Perkins now resides, and went West. William Ewing excelled as a maker of wooden mould boards for plows, and had all he could do to meet the demand.

John married Nellie Cochran.

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John James married Nellie, daughter of Thomas Cochran, the pioneer, and settled on Droop, where Lincoln Cochran now lives, but finally moved West. Their family consisted of three daughters and two sons: Jane, Eliza, Kate, David, William and John.

Thus with the assistance of the venerable John Cochran, probably the oldest man now living on the Pocahontas and Greenbrier border, and George Cochran, his relative and neighbor, the writer has been able to give something in illustrating the James' family history.

This paper will be concluded by recalling the fact that David James, Junior, lived to the age of 106 years. The greatest age attained by any one of our Pocahontas citizens, concerning whom we have any authentic information. The cottage home still stands whence he departed for the unseen world, and his grave will be an object of interest in our local annals and should be carefully marked so as not to be forgotten.

David Cochran, a son of Thomas Cochran, the pioneer, by his second

marriage with Nellie, daughter of David James, Sr., deserves mention from the fact that he was a veteran of the war of 1812. As has been noted elsewhere David Cochran's first wife was Sally Salisbury, daughter of William Salisbury, the Englishman, and lived on the Salisbury Place. He had for his mess-mates in the army William Salisbury, Jr., John McNeil, (known as Little John) and John R. Flemmens. He was in the affair at Crainey Island, near Norfolk. While it is not certain yet it is believed he served a tour under General Harrison in the west, as he frequently spoke of him. It is probable that he was in the battle of Tippecanoe. John Cochran, near the Greenbrier line is the only surviving member of the old soldier's family. He will be 92 years of age November 2, 1898.

David Cochran, the veteran, suffered grievously the last three or four years of his life. He was treated by Mrs Diddle, of Monroe County for three years. She undertook to cure the case for forty dollars. Several visits were made; she was at his bedside when he died of hemorrhage, superinduced by the cancer, in October, 1881.

John Cochran has a vivid recollection of the Regimental Master at Huntersville, in May, 1864. On returning from muster rather late in the evening, persons were using their horses in a furious charge against imaginary British on the Cummings Creek road, two miles from Huntersville. While not in the charge, Isaac Jordan's horse seemed to smell something of the make-believe battle, became unmanageable, reared and plunged, throwing his rider and severely fracturing his thigh. William Gibson, merchant and hotel-keeper at Huntersville, was sent for. After considerable delay, means were contrived to carry the injured and suffering man back to Huntersville in the dark. Squire Gibson, though not a physician, took charge of the case, reduced the fracture and kept the patient at his house for three months. John Cochran was employed to nurse him, and staid by him all the while, until he could be brought home.

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John Burgess, the Irish Immigrant.—John Burgess, Jr. the Ancestor of the Pocahontas Burgesses.

W. T. P.

Concurrently with the passing century, the name Burgess has been a familiar one in lower and middle Pocahontas. The progenitor of this relationship was John Burgess, Senior, a native of Ireland. He was a weaver by occupation and settled near Albany, N. Y., where he diligently plied his vocation, some years previous to the Revolution. The name of his wife or her family is not remembered. There were two sons and four daughters.

Elizabeth Burgess became Mrs William Young.

Two of the daughters, names not remembered, married two brothers by the name of Kelly, and lived in New York State.

James Burgess became a preacher in the pale of the Congregational Church, and settled in Kentucky, among the pioneer ministers of that region.

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Mary (Polly) married her cousin James Young and settled in Augusta County. Their son William Young was a soldier in the war of 1812, and died in service at Norfolk Virginia.

Nancy was married to William Mayse and settled at Mill Point, now Pocahontas County. He was among the first blacksmiths that struck sparks from the anvil in that vicinity. William Mayse, a grandson, was a captain in the civil war and afterwards a government clerk in Washington, D. C.

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Hampton Burgess went to Ohio in early manhood, married a Miss Smith and settled in that State.

Nathan Burgess married Martha Kinnison, of Charles Kinnison; the pioneer, and settled on lands now in the possession of the Payne family. He was a skillful gunsmith. Late in the previous century and for a number of the earlier years of the current century, many of the older hunters were supplied by him with rifles. Some of his rifles were used by riflemen in military service. One of the best specimens of his workmanship was made for the late William McNeil, of Buckeye. When last heard of it was the property of James Moore. It was reputed to be one of the most accurate in aim and far reaching of mountain rifles ever in the county. It would be well if it could be gotten and deposited in the Museum of the West Virginia Historical Society at Charleston.

John Burgess was born near Albany in 1778. He was a mere youth when his father came to Harrisonburg. From Rockingham he came to the Levels, about 1798. His first marriage was with Sarah Casebolt, and lived near Mill Point. The children of the first marriage were John, James, Archibald, Paul, Hannah and Mary. Hannah became Mrs David McNair and lived in Augusta. The first Mrs Burgess died about 1813. Soon after her death John Burgess moved to the mountain farm, west of the head of Swago.

His second marriage was with Hannah McNair, daughter of Daniel McNair, in the vicinity of Churchville. The McNairs were pioneers along with the Boones, Millers, Moffetts and McDowells, notable families in the Valley of Virginia, in the pioneer era. The McNairs were from Pennsylvania. The children of the second marriage were David, Martha and Elizabeth.

John Burgess was a carpenter by occupation. He did the carpenter work on the dwelling occupied for many years by the late George W. Poage, the ruins of which are still to be seen near Preston, Clark's beautiful home. The Jordan barn

near Hillsboro was one of his many jobs, and still stands in a good state of preservation. For a long series of years he made most of the coffins needed in lower Pocahontas. He was drafted into military service during the war of 1812, but owing to the critical state of his wife's health, he was permitted to put in a substitute, and remain with his family. He thus escaped the suffering and privation that caused the death of many of our mountain people during the notable defense of Norfolk vicinity that was planned to shield Richmond from British invasion and depredation.

John Burgess, Jr., of John, the immigrant, the immediate ancestor of the Pocahontas families, whose history is illustrated in part by this sketch, claimed to have been a Revolutionary soldier and served in the artillery, and was one of the first to enlist and the last to be disbanded of the New York Continental Troops. While we have in hand no positive information to this effect, yet there is much reason for believing that John Burgess, Jr., was at the surrender of General Burgoyne.

As the reader will readily remember very memorable events occurred not very far from where John Burgess, the immigrant, lived and reared his family. It is more that probable that his loom wove the blanket his son used in the service and some of the neighbor soldiers were clothed in material prepared by his industrious hands.

Thus close one more brief chapter in the suggestive history of our Pocahontas People. Let it be our aim not only to emulate, but surpass what our ancestry accomplished and ever strive not only to keep but improve upon what has come to us from their self-sacrificing toils and good names.

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"I guess not."

"He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the car is crowded. There are people standing up."

"That's all right."

"I haven't time to argue the matter ma'am. You'll have to pay for that boy."

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"That's all right. You put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me."

"You ought to know what the rules of this road are ma'am. How old is that boy?"

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"The first wire-wound gun ordered by the United States is expected to be delivered at the proving ground at Sandy Hook, New York harbor, soon," says Cassier's Magazine. "This gun will be of 10 inches bore, 46 calibres in length, and will weigh 30 tons. The contract specifies a normal initial velocity of 2,600 feet per second, or 300 feet per second more than that required for any hooped gun in the United States service. J. H. Brown the inventor of this type of gun is confident that it will stand a charge sufficient to raise the muzzle velocity to 3,000 feet per second without material injury to its structure. From official experiments already made at Sandy Hook proving ground with an experimental 5 inch Brown gun, this initial velocity appears not only possible, but probable."

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

John Burgess, the Irish Immigrant.—John Burgess, Jr. the Ancestor of the Pocahontas Burgesses.

W. T. P.

Concurrently with the passing century, the name Burgess has been a familiar one in lower and middle Pocahontas. The progenitor of this relationship was John Burgess, Senior, a native of Ireland. He was a weaver by occupation and settled near Albany, N. Y., where he diligently plied his vocation, some years previous to the Revolution. The name of his wife or her family is not remembered. There were two sons and four daughters.

Elizabeth Burgess became Mrs William Young.

Two of the daughters, names not remembered, married two brothers by the name of Kelly, and lived in New York State.

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Memoir of Joseph Moore, Esqr.,
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Joseph Moore, Esq., late of Anthonys Creek was one of the most widely known citizens of our county in his day. His parents were William Moore and Margaret, his wife. It is believed they came from Rockbridge county about 1780. No known relationship is claimed with other branches of the Moores. They opened up a home on the knoll just south of Preston Harper's, where a rivulet crosses the road. Their house was just below the present road at that point. It was here they lived and died. Their remains were buried on the east side of the creek, on the terrace south of the tenant house now standing there. Samuel Harper has seen their graves.

These pioneers were the parents of two sons and two daughters: Joseph, John, Mary (Polly) and a daughter whose name seems to be lost to memory.

John Moore went to Kentucky. Mary was the wife of Col John Baxter, who was the first Colonel of the 137th Regiment, and a member of the Virginia Legislature, and was very prominent in the organization of the county.

Joseph Moore was a soldier in the war of 1812. During his absence he met and married Hannah Cady in East Virginia. She was a native of Connecticut, and was a school teacher, and is spoken of by the older people as a sprightly person. Soon after his return, Joseph Moore settled on the homestead, building his house between Goelet's residence and the barn. He finally moved to Anthonys Creek.

Their family consisted of five daughters and three sons: Hannah, Sarah, Matilda, Margaret, Abigail, Daniel, Joseph, Jr., and Henry Harrison.

Sarah was married to Jackson Bussard, on Anthonys Creek. He was a Confederate soldier, and died in the battle of Dry Creek, near the White Sulphur. Joseph H. Bussard, Assessor for Pocahontas, is her son.

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HISTORICAL OUTLINE.

Memorabilia of Huntersville and Organization of the County.

PART II.

During the war Huntersville was burned by Federal troops sent in from the Union garrison at Beverly so as to prevent its being a Confederate depot for military supplies. When peace was restored between the States, Huntersville recuperated rapidly. Flourishing stores were carried on by Amos Barlow and J. C. Lourey & Son, the farms reinclosed, improved methods of agriculture adopted, and at this time presents a more attractive appearance than at any time in all its previous history.

The more notable days in the history of Huntersville and of the county citizenship were the trainings and the general muster that would follow. For several years after the organization of the 127th Regiment the Brigade Inspector was Major John Alexander of Lexington. He would bring his drummer and fifer with him, two likely colored men uniformed in scarlet, like British soldiers, and were the admiration and envy of all the colored people. Some of the colored boys would say that they could desire no better heaven than be musicians and wear such red clothes.

When the militia regulations were modified the Colonel of the Regiment would train the officers for about three consecutive days before the Regimental Muster. These were usually seasons of much social hilarity, and the saloons reaped lucrative returns. The Musters came off in May, just after corn planting. More animated scenes were never witnessed in our county as the throngs passed into Huntersville from all sections. The song, the laugh, the jest enlivened the hotels. The street was thronged with crowds, passing and repassing.

About 11 o'clock the long roll of the drum was heard, the Colonel and his staff appeared at the head of the street, and paraded the street preceded by drum and fife. On their return, the Colonel instructed the Adjutant to have the Regiment formed. The Colonel and staff would then disappear, and retire to headquarters. In the meantime the loud orders of the Captains were heard, for their men to fall into ranks, and, when formed, the Adjutant placed them in position, and then reported to the Colonel that all was in readiness. The Colonel and staff reappeared at the head of the Regiment. Three beautiful silken flags were put in charge of the color guard. The rear rank of the Regiment fell back a few paces in open order. A procession, formed of the Colonel's staff and color-guard, preceded by the band, reviewed the Regiment, stationed by the flags, and returned to the head of the Regiment. In stentorian tones, the order was given to close ranks and form a column of twos, and soon the whole Regiment would be on the march for a neighboring field, selected for the evolutions. The field just west of the town was frequently selected, and the one back of the courthouse was sometimes used. Two or three hours would be passed in the evolutions. The bugle would sound the retreat, the drum and fife take up "Bonaparte's Retreat from Moscow," and the whole column would prepare to leave the field and fall back on Huntersville in slow and regular order. Having formed in open order on the street the Colonel and staff, preceded by the music, had another procession to collect the flags. The color-guard was led to the head of the column, the Colonel dismounted, received the flags one by one, and each was saluted by the roll of the drum, and placed away for safe keeping.

After this the Regiment was disbanded, and then came the funny scenes that would require a very graphic pen to describe with due justice. Cakes, beer and something stronger were now in profuse requisition. The sun would sometimes go down, leaving a large crowd enjoying the hilarity of the occasion, seemingly sorry that master day did not last a week, at

least. "Tomorrow is Sunday and there is no use in being in a hurry to get home. Let us go it while we are here and have a chance," were some of the communications that were quite a strain to good morals.

Among the distinguished citizens of the county who were Colonels of this Regiment appear the names of John Baxter, Benjamin Tallman, John Hill, Paul McNeel, D. W. Kerr, James Tallman, W. T. Gammon, James T. Lockridge, David W. Kerr yet lives (1898,) and is the only survivor.

The next notable days were the Superior Court terms, when lawyers and Judges from abroad would be present and hold the courts with marked dignity, being out of reach of the voters and asked nobody any favors. Their decisions were above suspicion, and but few cases were ever appealed. Such as were appealed never amounted to anything very encouraging.

The Circuit Judges in the order named were Judge Taylor, of Lexington; J. J. Allen, of Fincastle; Judge Johnson, also of Fincastle, who died while attending court in Huntersville; Judge Harrison, Union; Judges Holt and McWhorter, Lewisburg, and Judge Campbell, of Union.

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A saloonist gave a colored man a treat of newly imported spirits, under its influence he behaved rather insolently towards his widowed mistress Mrs. Matilda Craig a lady held in highest estimation by every one. She repeated the story of her troubles to a member of the court Col. Paul McNeel and he repeated it to his associates on the bench, and to their everlasting honor they refused to legalize the sale of intoxicating drinks, and so for fifty years with a brief exception public sentiment has so far opposed the saloon interests by approving the action of the courts.

W. T. P.

Against Delay.

Gather the rose-buds while you may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may, go marry:
For, having once but lost your prime,
You may forever tarry.—Herriek.

Quay, without specially desiring to revive plum-tree memories, might well exclaim: "Shake!" when he meets a friend these days. The Times, Philadelphia.

By carefully examining the returns, Mr. McKinley will see that Destiny got her wires crossed in a few places.—The Tribune, Detroit.

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The following fragment from Potts, deceased

"I, John Potts, seventy-first year of the experience of the experience as a mill over the floor from an evil h

"My father me, and from the mill place to me; the heavy wooden mill have been My father and we work member, not more of the w his hair until or night and was twenty-th life, his being end, and the ascended to me

"Now I know world to say I have hairy p made the sub times than I head. I lau when it was I never heard it at my palm an untarily. I harmless am afforded heav up to my cre count hereaft

"In a certain Honest is but at best. The safe assertion now, a safe honest man's God, for no brave enough have been honest than dit for being, expected me can claim to But that dic wanted to be after a time I set about right

"I have p agent miller says he lays damages if I than one g How much miller wants grain is left does the cust ful more or l ler would ask begrudge it. miller hesitat er a couple o mentioned it.

"They told lawyers neve was never an one jury in fore a justice have a crack but he knew me by exousi that I was a that did get worse than e ed to have d better off by

"After my was no one l the old log-b by the mill-c to get marrie since and h that I was n My frame w together, an have been s It looked lik sold at a p time I was t was in bliss rugged featu ed to attract met with s tried to ruffi "At that urred to me er walks of l or that any c quittance tions to beco Then it was,

MILL POINT.

Miss Etta Smith is visiting at J. B. Pyles'.

Miss Grace Wade has been visiting at L. B. Smith's.

Miss Maud Smith has been visiting her sister, Mrs Bessie Shafer.

Frank Moore went to Marlinton on Monday, and W. H. Shafer on Tuesday.

The protracted meeting at Marvin, conducted by Rev Dills, seems to be doing much good.

The Gypsy camp is near the church, and the Gypsies seem to enjoy the music and motions of Christians very much.

There is no doubt that men are created for the accomplishment of some good in the world, but the calling cannot be read from the heart of the hand. There is a science called astrology that will show to a man the exact calling or occupation for him, and no man can have genuine success unless he follows the pursuit he is made for. Mill Point now has a Professor in Astrology.

The camp of Gypsies now at Marvin is without a doubt the largest ever in the county. They are now preparing to leave, but for the last two weeks things have been kept stirring on their account such as horse trading, horse racing and fortune telling. The Gypsy mode of fortune telling is nothing more nor less than a sort of mind reading, accompanied by an acquaintance with human nature. By continual practice the Gypsy can with some accuracy tell with some accuracy their passions and desires, by simply glancing at the open countenance.

HOME FOR SALE:—9 acres of land; good new house and other necessary buildings. Situated on public road, one mile from post office.

Apply to

MRS BESSIE SHAFER.

Mill Point, W. Va.

The Proportions.

It is a rule, somewhat severe,
But true as Deuteronomy;
There's just one month of Christmas cheer,
And eleven of economy.
—Washington Star.

Quarterly Meetings.

Pendleton, Judy Church, December 3, 4; Highland, Fair View, Dec. 10, 11; Edray, Dec. 17, 18; Ronceverte, Mt Sidney, Dec. 31, January 1; Monroe, Central, January 7, 8; Greenbrier, McMillion, 21, 22; Paint Bank, Maple Grove, 28, 29; Rich Patch, Alleghany Station, Feb. 4, 5; Augusta, Sherando, Feb. 11, 12; Blue Sulphur, Hills Chapel, February 25, 26; Forest Hill, Potertown, March 11, 12.

D. C. HEDRICK. P. E.

HISTORICAL OUTLINE.

Memorabilia of Huntersville and Organization of the County.

PART II.

During the war Huntersville was burned by Federal troops sent in from the Union garrison at Beverly so as to prevent its being a Confederate depot for military supplies. When peace was restored between the States, Huntersville recuperated rapidly. Flourishing stores were carried on by Amos Barlow and J. C. Lourey & Son, the farms reinclosed, improved methods of agriculture adopted, and at this time presents a more attractive appearance than at any time in all its previous history.

The more notable days in the history of Huntersville and of the county citizenship were the trainings and the general muster that would follow. For several years after the organization of the 127th Regiment the Brigade Inspector was Major John Alexander of Lexington. He would bring his drummer and fifer with him, two likely colored men uniformed in scarlet, like British soldiers, and were the admiration and envy of all the colored people. Some of the colored boys would say that they could desire no better heaven than be musicians and wear such red clothes.

When the militia regulations were modified the Colonel of the Regiment would train the officers for about three consecutive days before the Regimental Muster. These were usually seasons of much social hilarity, and the saloons reaped lucrative returns. The Musters came off in May, just after corn planting. More animated scenes were never witnessed in our county as the throngs passed into Huntersville from all sections. The song, the laugh, the jest enlivened the hotels. The street was thronged with crowds, passing and repassing.

About 11 o'clock the long roll of the drum was heard, the Colonel and his staff appeared at the head of the street, and paraded the street preceded by drum and fife. On their return, the Colonel instructed the Adjutant to have the Regiment formed. The Colonel and staff would then disappear, and retire to headquarters. In the meantime the loud orders of the Captains were heard, for their men to fall into ranks, and, when formed, the Adjutant placed them in position, and then reported to the Colonel that all was in readiness. The Colonel and staff reappeared at the head of the Regiment. Three beautiful silken flags were put in charge of the color guard. The rear rank of the Regiment fell back a few paces in open order. A procession, formed of the Colonel's staff and color-guard, preceded by the band, reviewed the Regiment, stationed by the flags, and returned to the head of the Regiment. In stentorian tones, the order was given to close ranks and form a column of twos, and soon the whole Regiment would be on the march for a neighboring field, selected for the evolutions. The field just west of the town was frequently selected, and the one back of the court-house was sometimes used. Two or three hours would be passed in the evolutions. The bugle would sound the retreat, the drum and fife take up "Bonaparte's Retreat from Moscow," and the whole column would prepare to leave the field and fall back on Huntersville in slow and regular order. Having formed in open order on the street the Colonel and staff, preceded by the music, had another procession to collect the flags. The color-guard was led to the head of the column, the Colonel dismounted, received the flags one by one, and each was saluted by the roll of the drum, and placed away for safe keeping.

After this the Regiment was disbanded, and then came the funny scenes that would require a very graphic pen to describe with due justice. Cakes, beer and something stronger were now in profuse requisition. The sun would sometimes go down, leaving a large crowd enjoying the hilarity of the occasion, seemingly sorry that master day did not last a week, at

least. "Tomorrow is Sunday and there is no use in being in a hurry to get home. Let us go it while we are here and have a chance," were some of the communications that were quite a strain to good morals.

Among the distinguished citizens of the county who were Colonels of this Regiment appear the names of John Baxter, Benjamin Tallman, John Hill, Paul McNeel, D. W. Kerr, James Tallman, W. T. Gammon, James T. Lockridge, David W. Kerr yet lives (1898,) and is the only survivor.

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"Now I know world to say I have hairy p made the sub times than I head. I lau when it was I never heard it at my palm an untarilly. I harmless am afforded heav up to my cre count hereaft

"In a certain Honest is but at best. The safe assertion now, a safe honest man's God, for no brave enough have been honest than dit for being, expected me can claim to But that dic wanted to be after a time I set about right

"I have p agent miller says he lays damages if I than one g How much miller wants grain is left does the cust ful more or l ler would ask begrudge it. miller hesitat er a couple o mentioned it.

"They told lawyers neve was never an one jury in fore a justice have a crack but he knew me by exousi that I was a that did get worse than e ed to have d better off by

"After my was no one l the old log-b by the mill-c to get marrie since and h that I was n My frame w together, an have been s It looked lik sold at a p time I was t was in bliss rugged featu ed to attrac met with s tried to ruffi

"At that urred to me er walks of l or that any c quittance tions to beoc Then it was,